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Adam

VOL 3 NO. 6



the man's home companion!

ADULTS ONLY!



a word from ADAM

UNTIL OUR BUSY space-scientists discover a planet populated by living goddesses, or a latter-day race of exotic Amazons arises, there seems to be no real dispute the world over as to our own, home-bred American girls and women being the most beautiful around. Sophisticated Europeans adore them, Latin Americans lick their chops over them and Asiatic maharajas, sheiks and emirs pay fantastic sums merely to obtain specimens for their harems.

Yet even a diet of strawberries and cream can pall if overdone. Thus, there are moments when even the most patriotic of American girl-collectors finds himself wondering what the girls and women of other countries are like. Thus, from his very first issue, ADAM has managed to strike a balance between the domestic product and its exotic foreign counterpart. This issue is no exception. ADAM's Eve, for instance, bears the intriguing name of Colette Berne, and with her, in pictures, are Diana Crawford, from England via Hollywood, and Fou Ki Chan, from Peking by way of Paris. Clem Hanlon has contributed a delightfully informative article on Roman open-air sex-play, while Connie Sellers, in his "Have and Hold", investigates the strange biology of an alien world. In short, you'll find balance in ADAM — all of it intended to knock you off your pins!

I'm Fou Ki Chan! I'm driving them wild at Paris' Crazy Horse Saloon! See for yourself on Page 53!

Adam

MONTHLY

V O L 3 N O . 6



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COVER GIRL—Shirley Skates by KURT REICHERT	
A WORD FROM ADAM—feature.....	2
HAVE AND HOLD—fiction.....CONNIE SELLERS	4
SUSAN'S SET FOR STARDOM—pictorial.....	7
Susan Woods photographed by RUSS MEYER	
WHO KILLED DOC ROBBINS?—fiction.....	12
MICHAEL WELDON	
THE FRENCH PHONE—article...MARTIN COURTNEY	16
MAMMY PLEASANT—historical profile.....	18
K. ROBERT HOWARD	
SACRIFICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD VIRGIN—	
pictorial.....Photographed by BURR JERGER	22
OH, MOTHER!—fiction.....H. H. GENTILE	26
DARLING FROM DARLINGTON—pictorial profile.....	28
Diana Crawford photographed by RUSS MEYER	
ADAM'S EVE—special pictorial.....	34
Caleite Berne photographed by RON VOGEL	
MURDERESS—fiction.....	JAY EDMOND 36
THE POWER OF UNMENTIONABLES—	
pictorial article.....LORENZO J. CHIECO 40	
Jean Patten photographed by RON VOGEL	
A VERY EXPENSIVE KISS—fiction...DANIEL COE 44	
ADAM'S TALES—humor.....	48
THE FINE ART OF FANNY PINCHING—article... CLEM HANLON	50
FOU KI CHAN—pictorial.....	53
Photographed in Paris by HJALMAR HOLMES	
BREAKFAST FOR ONE—fiction...RAY DENNISON 61	
EXECUTIVE MODEL—pictorial.....	62
Shirley Skates photographed by RON VOGEL	
LETTERS TO ADAM—feature.....	67



ADAM picturereviews English lovely,
Diana Crawford, on Page 28. She sings,
 acts, and, of course, swims!

HAVE and

KAR HUNCHED at the control board, watching dust clouds settle outside the quartz port, listening to the frying-pan sizzle of the ship cooling under its sprays.

"I'm gettin' tired of you," he said.

Jol shrugged and checked the air-lock sampler. "High oxygen content, no radio activity — it's breathable." Then: "I'm tired of you, too, Kar. No — sick is a better word."

The big man laughed, a choppy, unjoyful sound. "But not sick of the money we been makin'?"

Jol, thin and wrinkled-faced, nodded. "That, also. Space trade is dirty enough, but your orgies make it worse. When we finish here, we go home."

Kar whirled from the board, eyes glittering. "The bell you say — with half the trade goods still aboard?"

There was no give in the thin man. "That's it. Section Two of the Interplanetary Code says that if any venture —"

"Yeah, yeah. I know you're a space lawyer, too. But what did sticking to the rules ever get you? You slept in the same lousy hammock, while I —"

"While you 'married' a woman on every planet we touched down at. You 'married' some things that weren't exactly women, too."

Kar grunted. "They served their purpose. If there's a female around, I'll check her out. I ain't a monk."

"No," Jol said quietly, "you're no monk. But this planet will be the last one. After we get back and I get my share, you can do as you like. You can 'marry' every savage and humanoid in the galaxy."

"You damned fool," Kar said, "if we go back now, we waste half the A-pile. I'll have to buy another out of my share."

— turn the page —

When Kar agreed to the perfect union,
he had no idea what he was getting into



HOLD

by CONNIE SELLERS

"My God!" he screamed.
"Oh, my God!"



HAVE, from page 4

"That's your problem," said Jol, and turned to watch the natives of Planet II, Sector X, Galaxy Nine, gather at the landing pad.

Kar's eyes were flat and hungry upon Jol's back, his hairy hands twitching. Slowly, the redness in them was replaced by cunning, by the shyness that had given Kar a thousand women on as many worlds. He forced a casualness into his voice. "They humanoid?"

"I'm not sure. They look it, but there seem to be an unusual preponderance of—of Siamese twins."

Kar blinked. "You mean those hooked-together kids in the history books?"

"They're not that obsolete. In fact, there was a pair born on Earth five years ago."

"From where I sit," Kar grunted, "I can see some babes that ain't hooked to nothin'—yet. So what?"

"So this," Jol said. "There are too many Siamese twins out there for it to be coincidence. It means this race has different genes, that there may be other basic differences dangerous to us."

"Oh hell," Kar said, "there you go again. That's for the mothers to worry about, not me. I wonder how you ever

got guts enough to buy in on a trade-shit."

"I'm no fool, that's all."

Kar's eyes flickered. "Okay, okay. Let's get to work. Scanner going?"

"Of course, and the interpreter indicates it's a basic language. Ready for the hypo-hold?"

"You know it," Kar said, easing his bulk under a many-wired helmet. "If I can't talk to those babes, I might have to sleep alone tonight."

"Some morning," Jol said, "you might not wake up."

Kar grinned. "That could happen to anybody."

They emerged from the airlock and greeted the waiting natives in their own tongue, and Jol saw they were not surprised. Traders had been here before, but there were no signs of lighter Earthskin coloring among the crowd.

They showed their wares, and settled down to bargaining. Kar helped at first, but as the stream of customers dwindled, he concentrated on a woman.

The women were attractive, and the men seemed not to care. The women were lovely, all right—the ones not awkwardly, almost painfully attached to their Siamese brothers. The twins were dressed in loose clothing that hid

most of their bodies, but the others wore only a loin cloth twisted about their hips.

Kar was eying a set of those hips, a set belonging to a tall woman with a wealth of chestnut hair that matched the hue of her soft skin. Her breasts were bare and proudly firm.

"I am a stranger," Kar said in the dialect absorbed from the hypo-hold. "Will you treat me well?"

She nodded, the pale gold of her eyes fixed upon his. "We treat all strangers well, but especially the men."

Kar grinned. "I think I'll like it here."

"I am called Tiss," the woman smiled. "I hope you will stay."

The pattern was a familiar one on most primitive worlds, and Kar's thick lips stretched wider. "I will stay if I find the right woman."

"Could I be the right woman?" Tiss asked, with a wriggle of her shapely hips.

"You sure could, baby. Let's go somewhere and see."

Her satiny skin tingled against his palm as he put an arm around her. They stayed away.

"Kar!" Jol warned.

He glanced over his shoulder at his partner sitting tensely by the ramp. "Don't worry, little man," Kar said. "I always come back. You can bet I'll be back tonight."

Her hip brushed his as they walked, burning through his clothing, seeking the more intimate contact of skin upon skin.

Kar's fingers moved caressingly, possessively, up and down the woman's bare, warm back.

"Do not hurry me," she said. "The marriage dome is just over there. We must wait until after the cups."

"Sure," Kar said. "What's the marriage system on this world?"

He grinned; there were some oddball wedding ceremonies on different planets. Like the one on Kensi III, where the groom took over all sisters of the bride. And that weird setup on Q-23. Brides there lasted only until a baby arrived; then the priests lopped off her head.

Kar hadn't known about that—not about the forty-eight hour birth cycle. Too bad—that particular babe had been too good to waste like that. But what the hell? There were a thousand more waiting, on a thousand other planets.

"The marriage cups," Tiss was explaining, "are rites of the ancients. We will drink from a small cup, and bathe in the large one."

"Together?"

"Of course, as we consummate our

Alma



"So far, so good!"

—turn to page 36

A black and white photograph of a nude woman with short, wavy hair, looking over her shoulder towards the camera. She is leaning forward, resting her arms on a thick rope. The background shows the ropes and wooden structures of a ship's deck under a bright sky.

SUSAN'S SET FOR STARDOM



SUSAN WOODS is a blonde and just about as beautiful as they come, in or out of fabulous Las Vegas, where she cavorts thrice nightly as a spangled showgirl in Harold Minsky's lavish, long-running extravaganza at the Dunes. As such, Susan draws upwards of \$200 a week and the frantic attentions of all the Texas and California oil billionaires even a normal, red-blooded American beauty can handle.

But despite the pleasant, glamorous life of an established Vegas showgirl, Susan has a dream — the dream of becoming a full-fledged Hollywood movie star. Even as she displays proudly her outstanding physical charms in the Dunes spotlight, her thoughts are of the relative privacy of a Hollywood sound stage, or fat parts and even fatter contracts.

In order to give lovely Susan at least partial fulfillment of her ambition, ADAM and Photographer Russ Meyer have brought her to Hollywood and to a major film studio, there to get the "feel" of what on-the-set movie stardom is like for a girl. Past Sound Stage #15, she strides gracefully, en route to the "Back Lot", where she poses revealingly and languorously on various sets, and in and out of costumes as revealing as they are excitingly glamorous.



Like just about every Las Vegas showgirl, shapely Susan Woods has her eye on a Hollywood contract!





Relaxing upon the hard board flooring of a movie set, Susan still can dream of glamour and glory . . . Star-colored dreams of the luxury of a private dressing room on the set, of removing her street clothing before going out to play a love-scene with one of the romantic young leading men of the screen, to be herself an idol of millions, petted and pampered and surrounded by autograph seekers wherever she goes. Alas, like every dream, Susan's must end, on a note of faint sadness at being returned to a more workaday world. Yet, even without a studio contract that pays her thousands of dollars a week, Susan, as revealed on the right-hand page has little cause for regret. She has youth, beauty, ambition and who knows . . . ? With this combination, a girl's dream is hard to stop!



For the first time, Crawford
finds himself the only suspect for a
killing he didn't commit

who killed Doc Robbins?

GEORGE THOMPSON FAIRN, Pharaoh of the exclusive Papyrus Club, beetled thick, snow-white brows at Crawford, cleared his throat with a sharp *harrumph* and rumbled, "But you must admit, Crawford, that your presence in the Papyrus Room, shortly before the deceased's body was found, demands *some* explanation."

Crawford sighed to cover his mounting impatience, "General," he said quietly, "if you remember, Doc's body was found last Saturday — which also happened to be Ladies' Day. I should not have dreamt of visiting the club at all if I hadn't forgotten the fact. As it was, I fled to the Papyrus Room merely because I knew it was the one room in the club they are not allowed to penetrate."

General Fairn's eyebrows rose in open incredulity, and his *harrumph* cracked like a bullwhip in the blue-morocco silence of the club library. "Crawford," he said earnestly, "as an Old Army Man, I have never been one to censure the doings of any other man with the fair sex — in fact, I, too, have had my moments of, er . . . delightful dalliance. But certain gossip about your success with the — *harrumph!* — ladies that has reached my ears causes me to regard your effort to flee their company as highly questionable."

"General," said Crawford, still patiently, "I am exceedingly fond of what you call the fair sex, even though I question your adjective. But while I enjoy them as individuals, or even in pairs, when confronted by the female of the species in large, cackling quantities, my reaction is to flee for the woods. Unfortunately, I fled to the shelter of the Papyrus Room last Saturday — and unfortunately Doc Robbins seems to have

... turn the page

by MICHAEL WELDON

"Why, you cheap bastard!"
Lurene Robbins screamed.



ROBBINS, from page 12
sought the same refuge."

"Let me remind you, Crawford . . ." It was the other member of the club investigating committee, Judge Phineas Taylor Ormond speaking. "Let me remind you, Crawford, that a number of members were asked your whereabouts by the deceased, and that he was told you were in the room."

"Damnation!" said the investigator, barely hanging onto the shreds of his temper. "Let me remind you that if I had seen that miserable old tightwad coming, I'd have run a mile to stay away from him. As it was, I went down the rear stairway without seeing him, left the club and went home—mind you, all this without a sign of him."

"You must admit, though, that it does leave your behavior open to suspicion," rumbled the general. "After all, a murder here in the club—and in the Papyrus Room, of all places. *De mortuis, nihil nisi bonum.*" The Latin phrase against speaking ill of the dead was solemnly intoned.

Judge Ormond, a lean, deep-lined, eminently distinguished man, laughed drily. "Come off it, Thompson," he said to General Fairn. "You didn't like Doc Robbins a bit better than any of us. He was a pretentious old bore, as well as the worst tightwad the Papyrus ever knew. I should know—I've been handling his estate for decades."

Then, to Crawford, "Terry, if you did manage to eliminate Doc, you undoubtedly had good reason—you may even have done all of us a service. You know the matter will never result in a public charge. But we can't have a murderer in the club."

"I didn't murder him," Crawford said stubbornly. "Not that I haven't wanted to, often enough. Just hearing him crab about the food spoiled many

a meal for me here, and I wouldn't play cards with him on a bet. But I didn't kill him."

"Very well," Judge Ormond sighed. "That seems to be all we can do for now. After all, we do not possess police power. Thank you for submitting to this questioning voluntarily."

"Harrumph!" growled General Fairn. "Much good seems to have come of it!"

As Crawford paused to collect his hat in the cloakroom downstairs, Tim, the attendant "boy", handed it to him with an inquiring expression on his young-old face. "How'd it go, sir?" he whispered.

"Okay, Tim," Crawford replied. Not until he had stepped out onto the street, taken a deep breath of the only mildly gasoline-laden summer air and viewed the fresh, light green of the trees in May, did the import of Tim's question sink home.

The interrogation he had just undergone in the club library had supposedly been entirely confidential—yet even the cloakroom attendant knew what was going on. This meant the entire club staff knew—which, in turn, meant the membership soon would know. Even though Edwin Adams "Doc" Robbins, lately deceased by violence in the club's holy of holies, was undoubtedly the most cordially disliked member of the Papyrus, sooner or later sufficient pressure would be organized to force his suspected murderer to resign.

The mere thought of such disassociation with the club turned a bright, sunny day into a dark one. As a confidential agent and investigator extraordinary, Crawford needed the prestige and unsuspecting contacts the Papyrus gave him. No matter how discreetly his separation was arranged, he would

be under a cloud that would forever bar him from membership in the scant few New York clubs of approaching stature. Furthermore, he loved the place, which had, over the years, become an integral part of his life.

Had he actually been the killer of Doc Robbins, he supposed he should have been grateful for the offer of immunity for his crime. But he had not killed Doc Robbins; he had not even seen him last Saturday, during his brief visit. Everything he had told the Judge and the General had been true!

He was, in short, in an impossible situation—and, being trained by nature and long experience to deal with difficult situations, he began to consider ways and means of getting out of this one.

By the time he had turned and walked half a block down Fifth Avenue, he had boiled the ways down to exactly one—he was going to have to find Doc's killer himself, and he was going to have to do it quickly, without making a stink. The Papyrus was carrying all the scandal any such club could bear.

The next thing to consider was the means. It was Wednesday, the day of the funeral, but Crawford decided against attending the services for a couple of reasons. One, such a move could be construed as an ostentatious effort on the part of the guilty man to remove suspicion from himself. Two, he had not been invited to the rites, which were being held, in discreet privacy, in a private funeral parlor.

Instead, he purchased a newspaper, opened to the obituary page and settled down quietly in the men's bar of one of the huge hotels clustered around the Plaza. He ordered a double armagnac on the rocks and began to read.

In brief, the Robbins obit, which was considerably longer than the harried investigator had expected, stated the hour and place of the services, along with the statement that the deceased had died as a result of an unfortunate accident in the Papyrus Club the previous Saturday afternoon. Okay, Crawford thought grimly, so the Judge and the General made good on their promise of basing the murder covered up!

It went on to state that the deceased was the only son of the late Edwin Adams Robbins, Sr., eminent New York financier and philanthropist, who was among the founders of the Papyrus Club and that institution's second Pharaoh. So that's how the creep got in! mused the detective. And that's why they couldn't get rid of him!

After listing that the deceased had attended Lawrenceville and Yale, the account added that he had studied abroad for some years after his grad-

Adam



uation, and had earned the degree of Doctor of Physics at Schwetzerhausen University in the Republic of Andorra.

After running through a listing of the deceased's numerous other service clubs and affiliations, the obit concluded with the statement that Robbins' only surviving family was his widow, the former Lurene Collins. *Lurene?* puzzled the detective. *A wild, Irish name for the wife of such a starchy old survivor of Theodore Roosevelt's Protestant elite.*

He renoted the deceased's age, which was given as 66, and the hour of the interment, which was given as three p. m. that afternoon. A glance at his wrist watch informed Crawford that the ceremonies, if prompt, must have been concluded midway during his unexpected and unsettling interrogation by General Fearn and Judge Ormond. He ordered another double brandy further to fortify himself — for the widow, Lurene Collins Robbins, offered Crawford his only immediate lead to possible solution of the crime for which he himself was so ignobly a suspect.

It was one thing, he told himself, to escape suspicion for a crime he had actually committed — but to be imperiled by a crime of which he was wholly innocent was the proverbial horse of another color. In short, it was unendurable.

He was still pondering such thoughts, an hour later, as he sat somberly in solitude in the musty, darkened living-room of the aging Collens mansion, not far from his own, much brighter diggings, in Gramercy Square. Outside and inside, the gloom of the unreconstructed brownstone oppressed him almost as much as had its owner. Tall, massive Victorian chairs loomed like spectral figures in some jury of phantom peers sitting in judgment upon him, and the soft spring evening just beyond the heavy walls seemed far, far away. He wished to hell he had been able to learn something about the widow Robbins in the meantime, but quick, frantic research had so far brought in nothing at all — not even a newsclipping announcing the nuptials. Which might or might not prove a point of leverage.

The gin-reeking slattern who had admitted him appeared spookily in the doorway and said in a heavy, antique Irish brogue, "The missus says she'll be seein' ye now, Mister Crawford — though why she'd be lettin' herself be throubled by the like of ye at a time like this is beyond me. Yell not be botherin' her long, mind."

"Till ty not to," said Crawford, rising. He got up gratefully from the hard horseshair sofa on which he sat

and followed the somewhat unsteady old crone up a winding, massive cherry-balustraded stairway to a delapidated bed-sitting room on the second floor, where the Widow Robbins awaited him.

Just what he had expected to meet, Crawford was never quite able to remember — perhaps a bedizened, over-made-up beldame, perhaps a fat old slattern to match the ginned-up, ancient slob who had brought him to her. At any rate, Lurene Collins Robbins was so utterly unlike what he had steered himself to meet that all predisposal vanished in the light of the reality.

The Widow Robbins was not only a young woman, she was an exceedingly lovely one in spite of the somewhat rumpled black taffeta funeral garb with which she was still clothed. What was more, unless his long-tested instinct where such female creatures was concerned had gone completely awry, Lurene Robbins was an exceedingly healthy, outgoing, sexy young animal.

"Mr. Crawford?" she said in a pleasant, trained voice. "I don't believe we've met. But I appreciate a call at this time from a friend and clubmate of my husband."

Meeting her oblique, tilted, blue-green gaze full on, Crawford pulled up a chair close to the threadbare chaise-lounge on which she was half-reclining. His previous plans of approach were discarded instantly, and he launched a new attack at this utterly unexpected target.

"Mrs. Robbins," he said bluntly. "I may have been a clubmate of your late husband but I was certainly not his friend." A pause, while the tilted eyes widened, then, "As a matter of fact, I seem to be the prime suspect for his murder."

"Why come to me then?" she asked

him, the blue-green eyes narrowing slightly.

"Because I have nowhere else to turn — as yet," he replied. "I was merely hoping you might be able to provide me with a lead to the murderer."

"There has been no talk of murder in my husband's death," she said softly. "Isn't that enough?"

"It is not enough," Crawford replied. "As it happens, I cannot afford to live my life under a cloud of suspicion."

"And why should you be suspected of Edwin's murder?" she asked. "After all, my husband had a talent for making enemies. He collected them as some others collect butterflies, or stamps."

"It so happens," the detective told her bitterly, "that I had to visit the club last Saturday afternoon. I fled to the Papyrus Room to escape the swarm of clattering, chattering females downstairs. Your husband was there —"

"Ah!" she interrupted. "I used to hear him describe those Ladies' Day parties. I should love to have attended one of them."

"I avoid 'em like the plague," snapped Crawford, his anger returning. "I'd not have gone, worse luck, if I hadn't forgotten what day it was. At any rate, your husband was heard asking my whereabouts by several people present, and was told where to find me."

"He wanted to see you last Saturday?" she asked with a new note of interest. Gracefully half-rising, she gave a turn to the lamp-switch beside her, doubling the shabby room's illumination, and regarding him with open speculation. Aware that the silence had progressed too far, she added, "You hardly seem to me a man who fears women."

—turn to page 57

Adam



RECENTLY, IN Hollywood, an executive working on a picture which starred one of this country's most famous crooner-actors, was mildly surprised when the young man approached him between takes on the set one afternoon, and asked, "Hey, Ted, you got any numbers?"

The executive, a long and much-married man replied, "Listen, I haven't cast around in so long I don't even have a little black book any more."

"Aw, come on, Ted," pleaded the star. "You're holding out on me."

"Sorry," said the executive. Then, "But what about all the women you've got on the string?"

"Hell!" said the star, "I'm tired of that old stuff. Just give me a number. I'll do my own pitching."

The executive was astonished. "You mean to tell me," he said, "that you can make a girl you've never met — over the telephone?"

"Sometimes," admitted the star, "it takes me a couple of minutes to convince them I'm really me. Then it's clear sailing."

When Emperor Leopold II of Brazil made the first official call over Alexander Graham Bell's wonderful new invention at the Philadelphia Exposition some 80-odd years ago, it is most unlikely that either he, the inventor or the assembled dignitaries and curious conceived of this new communications marvel as a symbol of easy sex. However, that is what the telephone has become in recent years, despite its multifarious other, and ostensibly more important, uses.

There is an old English saying, "Once aboard the lugger, and the girl is mine!" This means that, if you could get a girl on board a boat with you, you were at least half way to home plate. After all, few girls could swim home in those long-ago days.

With the coming of the automobile, the mobile sex-scene was completely transformed. These four-wheeled devices, termed "mobile bedrooms" by Philip Wylie in his famed "Generation of Vipers", undoubtedly saw the loss of more virginities (of both sexes) than statistics will ever reveal. In fact, they still do.

But the back seat of even one of today's luxurious land yachts is hardly a

substitute for an inner-spring mattress. At least when it comes to indulging in the rites of Eros. Making love in a car is a messy business at best. And, as the wags have it, in one of the current little sports-buggies adored by the sportive young, "It's impossible!"

This is where the telephone has become a factor of increasing importance on the American amateur-social scene, while the automobile has become an important, if secondary, factor. It enables the lovers to reach their rendezvous speedily and inconspicuously, and its widespread use has caused the erection of thousands upon thousands of motels which make for hard-to-detect assignation points.

But, without the telephone to set up the rendezvous, eager amorous would still be desperately engaged in the process of trying to cross-breed parrots and carrier-pigeons in the hopes of developing a bird that could deliver messages by voice. With the French phone handy, all the suitor has to do is pick it up and dial his beloved. No hollow tenses, no epistles to fall into the wrong hands and be read later in court, no dates fouled up beyond recall.

That is, if he has a number or six to call when the spirit of romantic adventure courses in his veins — or in hers. Hence, the acquisition and possession of telephone numbers belonging to likely members of the opposite sexes has become a thing of great moment, even to such sated tomcats as the crooner-star mentioned above.

Furthermore, many an in-person inhibited swain, normally tongue-tied in the presence of a girl with sex on her mind, finds himself able to conduct an outrageously direct and effective flirtation over the wires. In early telephone days, the existence of unpaid audiences to such intimate little talks over a party line offered something of a stumbling block to direct love-pitching. But today, with no "Central" or others to listen in, the would-be lover has no stoppage except a hang-up or refusal by the opposite number.

Certainly, without Mr. Bell and his invention, the current phenomenon known as the call-girl would never have existed at all. Perhaps police throughout the land would be greatly relieved had she never been born, but

to the rest of the world she is a great convenience (albeit an occasionally expensive one) indeed.

Usually, to avoid interception of her calls by police or other interested parties, she operates through a switchboard. In fact, some enterprising call-girls run their own switchboards, thus drumming up new business. These services, known as "answer services", abound in every metropolitan area liable to offer solid call-girl support and effectually blanket most routine wire-tapping efforts.

They inform the caller when the girl will be available, and forward messages to her should she call in herself while not at home. Simple codes detailing the type of date, the number of girls desired and the fee for service are easily incorporated into such messages so that even if they are used as evidence in court they can be interpreted harmlessly.

Thus, the would-be reveler is saved the embarrassment of going to a house that is definitely not a home, or the well-bruited dangers of making a pick-up in a bar or on the street. He may meet the girl in her apartment or his own — or in some restaurant selected as a trysting place, or in a hotel. It is a far more civilized arrangement than any pre-French phone system of rendezvous — and it eliminates all sorts of overhead and cumbersome protective devices, for client and girl alike.

Under conditions created by Mr. Bell and his invention, it is hardly a surprise to find the level of girls willing to play for pay very much on the rise. Plenty of delightful young things take college courses or hold down jobs during the day and get down to their real business only after hours. The phone has made public sex almost a private matter, and unless a girl is very indiscreet or very unlucky, she may rack up untaxable profits for years with no one the wiser, not even Uncle Sam.

The same conditions apply to the non-professional. A gay wife or a girl who enjoys going all the way can make her arrangements discreetly and with little trouble. And the same thing goes for husbands and other males on the loose. To Mr. Bell's ghost, therefore, a *hauzai* on behalf of all lovers, he, she and its!

the french phone



by MARTIN COURTNEY

If ever a woman proved
"The Female Is Deadlier Than The
Male" it was this underworld
queen who held San Francisco in
thrall for 50 years

Mammy Pleasant

by K. ROBERT HOWARD

EXACTLY HOW OLD Mammy Pleasant was when she died one foggy day in San Francisco near the turn of the present century, no one knew for sure. She was supposed to have been born into slavery on the Georgia Plantation of James Pleasant in 1816—but, slave records being what they were, no one could say for sure. Whatever her exact age, Mary Ellen Pleasant was very, very old.

Old or not, it is highly probable that never, in any city in history, did so many men and women, from the most extravagant mansions on snobbish Nob Hill to the cheapest cribs off the notorious collective sigh of relief. Almost from its founding, during the great Gold Rush of 1849, this cool, cunning, remarkably intelligent and utterly unscrupulous quadroon, with the figure and features of a latter-day Cleopatra, had virtually held the fabulous city in thrall.

Her talents were so varied, from sexual expertise to a ruthless flair for high finance that enabled her to compete with the boldest rubber barons of that era of untrammeled exploitation in their most intricate financing, that she seemed to be able to conquer all worlds at once. Perhaps more important, this spread of gifts included a genius for murder, a pastmistress' knowledge of voodoo and its operative magic and, above all, an instinct for keeping herself in the background and thus out of the courts.

—turn the page





When a lusty miner or banker bought his way into Mammy's Washington Street bordello, he got his money's worth.

MAMMY, from page 18

Her informants were everywhere, for she valued information as if it were diamonds and put it as profitably to use. She was the mistress and silent partner for years of fabulous financier John Thomas Bell, whom, in early October, 1892, she destroyed with her own hands. From him, she learned, to her profit, inside secrets of the mining and railroad deals that made and broke millionaires with almost monotonous regularity for half a century.

Yet it is likely that she supplied Bell with more secrets than he gave her—for scores of prostitutes, house servants, barbers and other socially low persons in advantageous positions reported to her regularly whenever they heard casual remarks of interest. If they were colored, they were the ex-slave's slaves, for they quite rightly feared her magic, since she had a way of implementing it with reality in the form of cruel deportations or, when sufficiently pressed or annoyed, agents with long, sharp knives.

For years, she supported a foundling home, and her succor for unmarried mothers was widely known and respected. But she quite frequently promoted false births for barren society wives with absent husband, and, as came out in a sensational court scandal, sold female white babies to Chinese houses of prostitution to be trained for careers

of vice. And she debauched and later blackmailed much of the Bay City's lusty male big brass via the orgies she discreetly staged in her various "houses."

In short, Mammy Pleasant was a gasser! For decades, she held the city in the palm of her hand. And she died richer than most of the boom-millionaires who paid so plentifully for her services, following what can only be termed an extraordinarily full life.

Mammy's mother was a field-slay on the Virginia plantation of James Pleasants, who caught the eye of her owner's son and was banished to Georgia for seducing same when it was discovered that she was unmistakably pregnant. Thus it was in Georgia, and in disgrace, that Mary Ellen, the future "Mammy", was born. Almost from her earliest years, her life was as complex and darkly threaded with violence as the plot of a Gothic novel. Both her mother and grandmother before her, had been voodoo queens on the island of San Domingo (now Haiti), and were therefore of the loftiest and most intelligent blood-strains. In short, she was materially descended of a line of high priestesses, and her father's blood was some of the best in Virginia, which meant the best in America.

As a child, her beauty and cleverness so impressed a well-to-do Missouri

planter that he purchased her and sent her to a convent in New Orleans to be educated. Upon her graduation, in her early teens, her benefactor arranged her sale to an importer of silk in booming Cincinnati, and he, in turn, handed the girl over to a Quaker lady of Nantucket Island who became interested in the young beauty's development.

There she added to a talent for cooking already developed by her plantation and New Orleans experience, and developed a flair for domestic gardening, with which she later was to surprise Thomas Bell when he visited a "country house" she maintained outside of San Francisco. She grew giant rhubarb and out-of-season strawberries and indulged in primitive horticulture. From the rhubarb, she brewed an excellent imitation pink champagne which she enjoyed with her financier-lover, along with such odd delicacies as caraway cheese, whipped-cream horseradish and nasturtium seeds marinated in vinegar.

Since she was born with a genius for coordination, it seems likely that she employed the peaceful arts of Nantucket Quaker domesticity with the more complex and less domestic arts of voodoo ritual. Certainly, some of her techniques seem to have been successful far beyond those of less creative voodoo queens.

From Nantucket, it was but a short hop to Boston, where, in that capital of Abolitionism, her rare, mysterious beauty enchanted a West Virginia planter who actually married her, an act he was to regret some five years later, when she put her knowledge of herbology to practical use by poisoning him.

Her motive was probably a fondness for her husband's plantation manager, a former slave of her grandfather who had taken the family name and called himself John James Pleasants. Or perhaps it was more hard-headedly a wish to have her name legally that of her true sire. At any rate, she got away with murder for the first time and thereby established a precedent that was to get a lot of wear and tear during her long, incredibly evil life.

In fact, about the only time she ever appeared in court occurred years later, in 1866, when she defied white prejudice by bringing suit against the San Francisco streetcar company for being forcibly put off a car because of her Negro blood. She was the daughter of queens, and she had no desire to hide her race. Although she could easily have "passed" as white, she regarded such subterfuge as beneath contempt.

She had born a daughter to Pleasants but she abandoned domesticity to take an active role, as a free Negro, in



the runaway slave traffic called the Underground Railroad that preceded the Civil War. A recklessly daring operator, she was all but caught in New Orleans, and escaped aboard ship only with the aid of Marie Laveau, the great and dreaded voodoo queen of the Crescent City. It was on this ship, the *Bolivia*, bound around Cape Horn for San Francisco, that she first met Thomas Bell, who traveled the last leg of the journey, from Matlazan, México, in the interests of his merchant-employers. Nothing seems to have come of this meeting except a determination on Mary Ellen's part to one day get her hooks in the handsome, bespectacled Scotsman.

Although Mary Ellen had also managed to escape from New Orleans with fifteen gees in her carpet bag, she decided to go to work before risking any capital in the maelstrom of wild finance that was San Francisco in the early 1850's. So she signed on as housekeeper in a club for bachelors owned by a pair of shrewd commission-merchants named Charles Case and Charles Heiser, where her genuine abilities as a fine cook and domestic manager won her instant respect.

Since the house served as a residence for some of the leading speculators and most solid financiers of the period, it made an ideal listening post for Mary Ellen, who was not slow to put her information and dollars to work. At that time, laundry was one of the leading problems of the almost waterless boomtown, so she put some of her capital into a chain of wash-houses. Since, in their desperation, many men were sending their dirty linen all the way to China and back for washing and ironing, this early enterprise prospered. And Mary Ellen was soon running the bachelor's club with an autocratic hand, doing all the purchasing both of food and drink, to say nothing of furnishings. She revealed both excellent taste in decorations and a nice instinct for economy.

However, the astute young quadroon had her eye open for further opportunities. Not all the entertainments given at the bachelors' establishment were stag affairs, not all the pretty young females who attended them of a virtue to impress staid Beacon Hill, from which Mary Ellen had recently come. In short, as in every boom town of history, vice was blooming in the Bay City on a scale and with an openness seldom matched elsewhere. Since Mary Ellen was as little concerned with morality as she was with legality, she decided to get in on the racket.

With her usual care and foresight, she opened a house on Washington Street that was soon the finest in town.

As guardian of the door, she employed a near-white Negro butler whose reliability she had ensured by devices unknown to history. In the early days of this establishment, Mary Ellen herself used to sit in a closet, through the window of which she herself could inspect prospective clients.

When a lusty miner or banker or lawyer wished to conclude a celebration by tasting the delights of Eros and presented himself at the door, the butler opened its upper half and presented a card-tray, in which the would-be customer of love placed a ten-dollar gold piece. This was accepted, the door shut, while the butler checked with Mary Ellen to see if the guest was to be admitted.

If she decided against him, the door was not reopened. If she gave the nod, it was half-opened again, and another gold piece accepted, after which the lower half was released. Such tactics were cunningly calculated, not only to add to the house take, but to keep out all but the most prosperous men about town.

The whole establishment was ultrahigh-class. Once past the twenty-dollar barrier, the customer might find himself conducted over soft carpets to any of a series of luxuriously decorated lounges, filled with fresh flowers in ornate vases, and withrococo oil painting of coy near-nude nymphs and

leering satyrs on the walls. There, on an overstuffed chair or sofa, he sipped champagne, served by a dexterous colored maid, in company with other beauties, while for-real nymphs, freshly scented and coiffed and clad in the sheerest of pastel-tinted gowns circulated and chatted and laughed with him until he made his selection for more personal entertainment upstairs — and for more gold pieces than the average sourdough prospector saw in a lifetime.

Although she was prospering mightily from her after-hours activities, Mary Ellen kept her head, and her job. If she was walking a tightrope, she was quite able to maintain her balance. Once, while sneaking out the back door of her *maison d'amour*, she was spotted by a friend of Charles Case, who recognized and accosted her. Quick-wittedly, she replied with feigned indignation, "Imagine! They advertised for a housekeeper."

However, this alarmed her employer when his friend reported it, and he asked Mary Ellen if she were looking for another situation. She replied, with her usual adroitness, that she was merely seeking a job for a fugitive-slave friend from the South. Case was so relieved at not being about to lose his paragon of a housekeeper that he gave her a raise!

Once the Washington Street brothel
— TURN TO PAGE 32



"Miss Milberr — will you stop taking notes?"

BEAT TOWN GOES PAGAN





sacrifice of the hollywood virgin

HOLLYWOOD PARTIES are justly renowned as being the most daring, daffy and dedicated between Paris and Port Said, which takes in a greater part of the world's circumference. In a community dedicated to big-time entertainment and ideas, it is small wonder that the gifted and decorative young denizens of this pleasure capital should seek some of the fun being passed around in the form of parties for themselves.

- But, in Hollywood as elsewhere, a big party is seldom successful without a theme. It appears likely, to date, that author-dancer, pantomimist Lionel Shepard emerged with the wildest and wackiest party plot ever when he decided to summon his legion of talented friends of both sexes to an all-out Bacchanal in the combined manners of ancient Rome and the late Cecil B. DeMille.

- Since most of the guests were to be called from professional actors, dancers and the like, and since Bacchus





Venuses and Apollos Let Loose in Roman Orgy





was the Roman God of Wine, a devil of a time was predicted for all concerned and with sound reason. However, the plotted high-spot of the entire wingding was to be the sacrifice of a virgin on the Altar of Jupiter, thus to propitiate the king of the Gods, at the exact stroke of midnight.

• It was here, since host Shepard insisted upon authenticity at all costs, that the one fly in the ointment appeared. Shepard's buddies, to put it mildly, belong to the young married-and-divorced set, and virgins among them proved rarer than a hen's bicuspids. For a time, it appeared as if the sacrificial victim would have to be a used-car type virgin or that something else would have to be substituted for the mock-rite.

• But in the proverbial nick of time, a beautiful blonde was found who filled all specifications — and the party went on as planned. Judging by the Burr Jerger photographs on these pages, a Bacchanalian good time was had by everyone lucky enough to be present! ☺





Lora stood in the doorway,
looking at them
sprawled on the floor.

Judy had no idea that she still needed her mother to guide her!

OH, MOTHER!

by H. H. GENTILE

If JUDY HAD NOT

been sure that her mother was out for the evening, she never would have let what happened happen. But, when she and Bill entered the trim little living room of the trim little apartment where Judy and Lora had lived since she finished school and came home, there was no sign of the older woman's presence.

She looked at Bill, standing there on the carpet, holding his plaid, sports-car cap in his hand, so tall and clean and good-looking. She felt a little thrill of excitement stir within the very core of herself as she realized that she and Bill were alone here with no one to censor or censure them.

Thus far, it had not been a very exciting evening. Another couple had dined with them downtown, and accompanied them to the movies. Downstairs, Bill had kissed her a few times, had explored her smartly clothed body a little with fumbling fingers. She hadn't really been thinking of — well! — what she was thinking of now, when she asked Bill to come up with her for a little while.

Her hips stirred restlessly, with a will of their own, as she pushed back her shoulder-length, blue-black hair and looked at him. His blue eyes caught her regard, and from polite fondness narrowed and darkened with something altogether different. All at once, Judy discovered that she was breathing hard and fast.

She was no more aware of taking a step toward him than she was aware of his taking a step toward her. It was more as if their eager young bodies blended together into a tingling, delicious, stand-up embrace. His lips came down hard on the up-thrust softness of her own, his hands slid down her back as she ground her body against his. Involuntarily, her eyes closed to savor in privacy of self the delight of holding him close and being held close by him.

"Golly, darling!" he murmured.

"Golly!"

"Don't talk, Bill," she whispered. "Kiss me, kiss me some more!"

It might have ended with kisses and petting, as had their few previous times together. But they were alone together, and the couch was there, and, somehow, Judy found herself lying there, with Bill's hot, sweet breath fanning her cheek, with his lips and tongue seeking hers, with his hands exploring her and making her feel a crescendo of unbearable pleasures she had never had roused within her before.

"I can't help it!" she gasped moments later. "I can't stop!"

"Neither can I, darling — neither can I," he half-gasped. He kissed her again, tenderly, almost a brother's kiss, and then the embrace turned to flame as she flung her fullnesses against him. His hands made music of her body, and then, as she lay panting and shuddering, slowly drew her dress off over her head.

She didn't resist, couldn't have had she wished to, for Eros was alive within her, making demands to which she could not say no. Her own eager fingers were suddenly unbuttoning his shirt, thrusting themselves against the firm flesh of his torso, working at the rest of his clothing.

For an instant, she felt a pang of fear, lest this first experience prove painful, as she had heard it so often was. But then his lips found her again, and fear melted at the first sweet contact of her own unclothed body with that of an equally unclothed boy toward whom she felt passionate affection.

She opened her mouth to gasp, "Don't hurt me, Bill!" — but before she could utter the words, it was too late.

Wonder of wonders, there was no pain — no pain at all — only a wondrous, mounting *rígibness*, a fantastic freedom and glory of sensation that made the room spin drunkenly around her until it vanished in a rosy whirl. She thought, *So this is what it's all*

about! And then all thought stopped as powerful sensation took over and carried all else away on a great tidal wave of sheer rapture.

Judy didn't really return to awareness of their surroundings until her body's feverish activity caused both of them to fall from the sofa and land with a *thump* together on the carpet. She sat up then, and laughed softly at the answering bewilderment in Bill's blue eyes, and then reached for him, unable to bear even the moments of separation that would be required by their return to the couch.

"*Judy!*" Her mother's voice was as shattering as the unexpected sound of a nearby shot. Lora stood in the doorway, clad in a negligee, looking at the two of them, caught as they were in the oldest and pleasantest of sports, there on the floor.

"Mother!" Judy, horrified, scrambled to her feet and tried to cover herself with her discarded clothing. "I'm sorry — I didn't know . . ."

"How long has this sort of thing been going on?" Lora asked in a file-edged voice, impaling with her glare a Bill whose entire unclothed body had turned a fiery, embarrassed red.

"Oh, Mother!" breathed Judy, slipping into her dress and letting it fall over her sweet, nude contours. "This was the first time."

"Really?" There was irony in Lora's voice, as she regarded the kids' embarrassment. Even then, Judy thought, her mother was a remarkably beautiful woman.

"That's right, ma'am," said Bill, standing behind the sofa as he struggled into his slacks. "I didn't mean to . . ." He tailed off, unable to function against the chill accusation in Judy's mother's gaze.

"Have you your checkbook with you?" Lora asked quietly.

"It's in my jacket," said Bill, reaching for it. Then he stopped, bewildered, and said, "Why?"

"Write Judy a check for fifty dollars, and we'll call it even," said Lora.

"Mother!" cried Judy, horrified. "You aren't going to . . ." It was her turn to be unable to finish.

"Why not?" Lora countered coolly. "How do you think I've been paying your tuition at college all these years? Not by being idiot enough to *give* it away, I can promise you. I was planning to keep on supporting you a while longer, Judy, but since you seem so eager to start, I guess it's time you made your own contribution."

She took the check from the stunned Bill, scanned it, nodded her satisfaction. "Come back any time, young man," she told him. "If Judy is out, I'll be here. The price is always the same."



Diana Crawford is England's loveliest gift to her former colonies since the Revolution

DARLING FROM DARLINGTON

IT HAS LONG been remarked, by connoisseurs of feminine loveliness, that the girls around Hollywood have it all over the girls anywhere else in the world. Even in the most humdrum, routine and menial callings, you have at least an even chance of finding yourself surrounded by beauty of a caliber quite capable of standing all observers on their heads even in blase Manhattan. You see them everywhere — clerking in candy stores, running business machines in branch banks, serving as stenographers or secretaries or waiting on tables.

All this is by way of prelude to news that, should you be lucky enough to drift into the cocktail lounge of the Slat Brothers' red-hot cabaret, in the middle of Restaurant Row on La Cienega Boulevard in Los Angeles, you may find your order for a screwdriver, gimlet or grand marnier being filled by beautiful, talented, young Diana Crawford.

Diana hails originally from Darlington, England. Statistically, she is an ash-blonde with blue-grey eyes who stands five feet five inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and scores in the lateral measurement department at 35-23-35. For the rest, she is just 23 years old, and the statistics tell only a minuscule bit of the story.

"I'm very much the family black sheep," she admits, squinting those lovely blue-grey eyes just a trifle because she is troubled with astigmatism. "My father is a London solicitor — that's a lawyer over here — and my younger brother is studying law to fol-

low in his footsteps. Nobody in our family, as far back as anyone knows, even so much as thought of going on the stage. They've given up on me, I'm afraid."

For a La Cienega cocktail waitress, Diana was expensively educated — first at boarding school in Bournemouth, then at exclusive Le Rainci, outside of Paris, where she was sent as a teenager to acquire a glossy layer of Continental polish, as well as a working knowledge of French. "I got both," she admits wilyly, "but I also got bitten by the stage bug."

Back in London, Diana promptly defied all the family household gods and traditions by becoming a chorine in an act that toured a vaudeville circuit in the suburbs of London. From this humble beginning Diana moved onward and upward to the famed Embassy Club and occasional singing and dancing solo bits. Diana, let it be here stated, has a very husky, very sexy, contralto voice guaranteed to give all males within earshot chills and fever and all women merely chills.

"I did my first solo turn," says Diana, in her perfect British intonations, "in a little supper club, the Panama. I sang and danced and had a wonderful time hammering it up generally."

It was during this engagement that Diana, who had been doing a crossword puzzle in her dressing room, wandered onstage for her act with her horn-rimmed spectacles on. "That was all right," she says, "but I was totally unconscious of wearing them. I was

singing 'Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend', I think, and right in the middle of the second chorus, I reached up and took them off. For some reason, this brought down the house, and I never did get to finish that number."

Nowadays, when she works, Diana wears contact-lenses. "It was a trifle unnerving," she admits, "and never again!"

On another occasion, while in English vaudeville, Diana was making a quick costume-change at the side of the stage, along with some of the other chorines, when a stagehand, either on purpose or accidentally, pulled the wrong rope and hoisted a covering curtain, leaving the near-nude girl in full view of the audience. "There we were in our panties," she admits. "That time the audience got more than it paid for."

From the Panama Club, Diana went into the chorus of the Lido Club in Paris, where she displayed all those delightful curves for the International Set several times an evening. But the urge to go it alone was still not to be denied, and she did her singing-dancing stuff solo in some of the smaller Paris *boîtes*, including one called the Mars. "I finally got some good out of all that! French my family made me study as a kid," she says.

From Paris, she moved to the Riviera, first into Maxim's at Nice, then to the Moulin Rouge at Cannes. Thence, Diana moved into marriage with a young California realtor, and was transported to domesticity in suburban Van Nuys in the San Fernando Valley.





"The less said about that, the better," she adds crisply. "It simply didn't work out, that's all."

However, Diana says her moment of greatest fulfillment to date came when their honeymoon plane landed at New York's Idlewild Airport. "I never thought I'd get to America," she reveals. "It seemed so dreadfully far away. I've been here eighteen months now, and I don't think I shall ever go back, unless I'm in a show or something."

Apparently, the marriage broke up through conflict of interests — Diana's husband was and is a successful young realtor in the Valley, and Diana found herself unable to stay put as a housewife. "I like action, movement and travel far too deeply," she admits. At any rate, while married, she studied fashion drawing and, when the break came, began supporting herself doing this work, which she does exceedingly well, and picking up occasional extra local modeling and doing TV commercials.

"I like the commercials," she says, "but modeling bores me stiff. I've finally decided I want to be an actress, and I'm studying hard with Jeff Corey right now."

So how does the cocktail waitress fit into her plans? "Well, I'm not just a waitress," she reveals. "I've been doubling as a singer some nights. As a matter of fact, I'm working up a new act right now. But what I want most is to act in plays and on television and in the films. In television, I've already been on the *Red Skelton* show and '*Oh Susannah*', and I'm set for one of the '*Walter Winchell File*' shows later this year."

"Now, I'm in line for a lead in a film, '*Pattern of Evil*,' an H & R Production. And I'm being asked to test for other parts in the cinema."

All in all, Diana seems to be getting along rather well, but she is far from content with her progress to date. With a sigh, she says, "Here I am, twenty-three already, and I'm really nowhere at all. It takes so dreadfully long for a girl to get started, to earn recognition out here, unless she's awfully, awfully lucky."

For the rest, Diana is a very healthy, very beautiful young lady, who manages to blend exceedingly high-powered sexual vitality with an air of very lady-like, dryly amused detachment. She likes to prance around in slacks, shorts, bathing suits or the like when she's not actually all gussied up for a party or an opening. "Always extreme — nothing in between," she admits. "On me, I like black best — black does wonders for a blonde."

Her hair, by the way, is miraculously genuine and untouched, a sort of butterscotch gold. She smokes, has been converted from Scotch to Bourbon since reaching Western shores, reads mostly plays and is an omnivorous crossword puzzle addict. She sleeps in the nude and, where food is concerned, goes for "cottage cheese, yoghurt and big American steaks—in fact, anything but lamb or mutton. At home, all my life, it was roast mutton every Sunday. I think dislike of mutton, as much as anything else, drove me out of England."

Diana does not suffer from homesickness, in fact never has. "I'm always much too interested in where I am and in what lies ahead to worry about where I've been," she says. Movies are definitely her best entertainment. "How can you top a really good movie?"

In the line of outdoor hobbies, Diana likes riding and tennis—also squash, which is a form of tennis indoors. As a reasonably good Class-B

squash-player, Diana is practically unique among starlets. "There's the most wonderful way to lose weight in a hurry, she says. "I'd like very much to find somebody with a squash court out here." (Anyone in Southern California with a squash court, please notice).

She has had some trouble with her British Colloquialisms since coming to America. Admits Diana, "When an English girl wants someone to wake her up after a late night out, she says, 'Knock me up in the morning.' You can imagine some of the reactions I got with that in America until I caught on."

On the subject of sex and men, she grows cagey, drawing her ladylike detachment around her like a chinchilla wrap at the opera. "Put me down as liking men with black curly hair and black curly eyes," she says slowly. Then, "I guess you could say that I like adult males, rather than the juvenile variety. And I do find American men much easier on the whole to

get along with than British males. They are neither so fussy nor so demanding."

Yet, even while Diana is sloughing off the question, you know that here is a passionate and exciting young woman, once her wrap of detachment is pierced. Her response is sensual rather than emotional, as she admits with, "I do most things more easily with my mind and body than with my feelings. I hope that's not bad, because it's the way I am."

When Diana dreams, she dreams both in black and white and technicolor. "Usually," she says, "exotic things like sultan's palaces with lots of silken cushions and warm pools. I suppose that's natural for someone who was born in a cold climate like England and hated it."

Diana, as any fool can plainly see, is made for Southern California and the movies. Let us hope both find this out in time, before she pulls up stakes and moves elsewhere. At 23, she feels she has little more time to waste.





MAMMY,
from page 21

was running smoothly, Mary Ellen installed a blonde octaroon to boss the joint and retired to the sidelines to take in her loot. As usual, her timing was impeccable, for a tipsy policeman was refused admittance a few weeks later and had the madam arrested for bawdy-house activities.

However, the case fell through thanks to Mary Ellen's astute coaching of the butler, who was the key witness. In response to all questions, he replied only, "I am a colored man, and the testimony of a colored person is not acceptable in a court of law in California, I understand." This got the attorneys off on such an involved side-kick that the bored judge finally suggested they bleed the witness for a blood sample to determine just how much of it was colored. This, of course, was before the Civil War.

In 1855, when the bachelors' club broke up, Mary Ellen settled briefly in a cottage near a country laundry she operated in Geneva Road outside of the city. She decided the locale was going to be developed and bought property there which, as usual, returned her a golden harvest. Then she went on to serve as housekeeper for a mining magnate in Folsom.

Despite her flourishing investments and growing fortune, Mary Ellen continued to use her role as an efficient domestic charge d'affaires as a cover for her more disreputable activities. Since she selected her employers wisely, her positions proved also founts of further inside information, and, more than once, of romance. Her lovers in this capacity included the Honorable Milton S. Latham and Merchant George Gammons.

However, she never really gave up brothel-owning as a source of big income. In the late 1860's, she decided to open a bawdy house on Clara Street, then another on Ecker, where one of her laundries had been situated. Finally, she converted to profitable uses her beloved Geneva cottage, which she had rebuilt and where she cavorted through wild voodoo orgies attended only by San Francisco's elite, who were served by curvaceous Negro damsels, and most of whom lived to regret their participation later, when Mammy Pleasant put the screws on their bankbooks.

Although Mary Ellen was capable of long-time devotion, especially when such devotion was in line with her own

interests, she was much too much woman for any one man. In 1870, it had been rumored she was Latham's mistress as well as his housekeeper. She put the gossips to rest by proving the point, when she had his mansion redecorated in Medieval Gothic. Society came to sneer, but went home to copy. However, Latham had had enough notoriety and, after taking his mistress on a business trip down the coast, hastily got married at the insistence of his business associates. Mary Ellen quit her job.

However, she had other interests, chiefly John Thomas Bell, the man she had met on the Bolivia en route to San Francisco. He had prospered greatly, and was becoming a mining mogul, both in mercury and big silver, and Mary Ellen had long set her cap for him—but without much success. It was not that Bell was cold—far from it—but he was canny like most Scotsmen, and he already had a girl, a fugitive ballet dancer who had followed him from Mexico.

He was perfectly content to swap brains with Mary Ellen, and made regular use of her services when he wanted extra entertainment. But try as she would, the gorgeous quadroon was unable to get him to tumble for her. She was still beautiful, though no longer young. She had the high cheekbones which forbid wrinkles, and her lovely, lissom figure looked as fresh as it had in her maidenhood. She knew more about sex, plain and fancy, than any other woman in all of vice-specialized San Francisco. She was courted by the wealthiest and most important men in the city. But she couldn't get out of the batter's box with Bell. Like the original of the Mighty Casey, in nearby Sacramento, she struck out.

Actually, Thomas Bell was a frightened man. He was an alias, a poker-face, a fugitive whose past lay carefully buried some 6,000 miles away. Just what his crime in London was remains hidden to this day, but the son of Spinster Marguerite Bell and Alexander Hill of Coupar Angus, Scotland, was very much wanted by New Scotland Yard. He had neither desire nor intention of being caught by same.

However, although she and Thomas Bell worked together for years as close business partners in the devious finance mazes of San Francisco, she was unable, although she made long trips with him to visit their mining holdings, under the most primitive conditions, to bring up the primitive male in her associate.

During the Civil War, when business rivals managed to employ the emergency as an excuse to take over his largest mercury mine under the guise

of patriotism and a crooked injunction, they duped Abraham Lincoln himself into signing a harried Bell turned to her for advice.

"What would I do in your position?" she countered. "I'd leave them nothing but footprints in the dust."

Heeding this suggestion, Bell had the mine made inoperative and held on until General Hallock, then-U.S. Chief of Staff and Bell's attorney as well, got the President to withdraw the writ.

Mary Ellen could be ruthless as death. Nor did she hesitate to use death when necessary—as it sometimes was to keep her people in line. When Bell built himself a mansion with her help, and then moved his ballet-dancer long-time mistress instead, she acted amiable enough. But, when opportunity arose, the ballet-dancer disappeared, never to be seen again. Those who tried to cross her had a way of vanishing forever, or turning up violently dead in the streets. And her voodoo prowess assured her power among the superstitious. Meanwhile, Bell was becoming one of the powers of the Bank of California, the most important and richest house of finance in the golden state.

However, unlike the fabulous Casey, Mary Ellen was not the woman to be kept off base forever because of a strikeout. Whether she actually loved Bell, whether she merely wanted him further under her spell for business reasons or whether she was piqued by his refusal to succumb to her flaunted charms remains a mystery. Perhaps it was a blend of all three. At any rate, if she couldn't have him under her direct physical control, she determined to have him controlled by an instrument she could manage.

This instrument was an antidote but pretty pansy-eyed blonde named Mary Hoey who had found some success as a prostitute in the Bay City under the rather unlikely name of Teresa Percy. When Mary Ellen explained as much of her plan to snare Bell as she thought necessary, the girl proved more than willing to play in the big game. The only obstacle was a husband, who had solemnly vowed to shoot her on sight. But Mary Ellen so well coached her in this and other matters that, when said husband crashed a luncheon party at Bell's house, brandishing a pistol, the new-made Teresa Percy fired first, and punctured him neatly and fatally. With the sole obstacle thus summarily removed, the operation got under way.

Mammy set up the widow Percy in a swank little house on Sutter Street, then sent her East to acquire some polish and asked Bell over to discuss finances. There, abetted by some spiked elderberry wine, she finally seduced the

reluctant Scotsman and no doubt gave him an enjoyable night of it.

In 1875, Bell, now a multi-millionaire, built himself a mansion on Bush St. and planned to have Mary Ellen furnish it. However, she was then away with George Gannons and failed to help out. However, when an associate called to warn Bell about his mistress, assuring him the quadroon had had his ballet-dancer killed, Bell refused to listen. He admitted having heard of an unsavory business in which Mary Ellen had forced a housemaid of one of her employers to have intercourse with a rough riverboatman against the girl's will, an affair which had resulted in the girl's murder. But he refused to admit Mary Ellen's responsibility and ordered his would-be advisor from the house.

Mary Ellen wanted no part of the Bush St. mansion. Instead, she was having erected an even larger and plusher palace on Octavia St., where she intended to settle as housekeeper-mistress, with Teresa Percy serving as dummy wife to Bell. This was what she had been scheming for all along: to attain control of the financier. What's more, she made it.

Thinking that nothing would cement the strange household like children, she got Bell drunk and inveigled him into one of her houses (not too difficult an envelope at any time) and convinced him he had fathered a child by one of her protegees as a result of his pleasure. He fell for it and, having worked it once, Mary Ellen worked it again, this time having the same girl visit the banker in the Octavia St. mansion. And the heretofore canny Scotsman fell for it again.

Having prepared a ready-made family, Mary Ellen summoned Teresa back from New York, where she had been living it up, but good. Teresa took matters into her own hands and invited Bell to Octavia St., where she had him to herself. This was not part of the script, and a furious Mary Ellen exploded on the scene to break it up. Teresa fled back to New York and Bell took a trip.

However, in time, the quadroon had her way, and a willing Teresa and rather reluctant Bell moved in under the same mansard roof with her. At best, the relationship was somewhat unconventional. Billiards Expert J. F. B. McCleery once told of calling on the financier and being invited to pass a pleasant hour there with Teresa while Bell was away, and, after a delightful session, happened to look out the window to see Bell driving up in a carriage. Horrified, McCleery tried to dress and flee simultaneously and fell down the back stairs. If Bell heard of his dis-

aster, he didn't complain. The odds are long that he laughed uproariously.

Meanwhile, Mary Ellen continued to prosper, just as Bell's affairs took a turn for the worse. So greatly was her business judgment respected in high financial circles, that she was frequently called upon to settle estates — which she robbed blind, using Teresa as power of attorney to protect herself.

Not were all her activities as amiably larcenous. It was at this time that she drifted profitably into the baby-farming business, using the mothers in her brothels to "pay back" and selling the infants to any and sundry. She palmed two more of them off on poor Bell, who was having enough trouble with an illegitimate son of pre-San Francisco days whose extravagance was proving a burden.

Teresa told of one occasion on which Mary Ellen brought a new-born baby into the kitchen and proceeded to build a fire in the stove. Then, to the feather-headed Teresa's horror, when the fire was roaring, she unwrapped the infant and calmly thrust it into the stove, explaining that a fumbling midwife had failed to tie its umbilical cord properly. "It's dead," she said matter-of-factly. "That's all there is to it."

Ultimately, Teresa left the "House of Mystery," as the Octavia Street mansion came to be called, and settled with the four children on a ranch in Oakland. Thus the household was broken up, as Bell's fortunes continued to

founder.

Finally, in 1892, Bell begged Mary Ellen for a hundred thousand dollars. Mary Ellen refused, although he had given or been responsible for her earning millions. It broke the old man, who took mostly to his bed. In short, he became a burden, so Mary Ellen, as usual, took steps.

One foggy night, she ordered a hiring named Park to come to the house, where she took him upstairs and locked him in an unused bedroom. She then enveloped the tottering Bell out of bed and into the upstairs hall, when she unlocked Park and told him to push the ailing financier over the bannister. When Park, horror-stricken, refused, as he confessed later, Mary Ellen did the job herself. A few days later, poor Bell died as a result of her final ministrations.

But Mary Ellen stayed on, untouched and untouchable. She had too much on the Chief of Police and other high official and unofficial persons to be held legally responsible even for admitted and witnessed murder. The death was listed as "accidental," and Mary Ellen went on getting richer and more powerful. More than one famous name vanished from social and financial history as a result of her enmity. When she died, she was the most powerful person the city was ever to know — and undoubtedly its most evil. No wonder San Francisco heaved a mighty sigh of relief!



"They were wondering if they could play through."





ADAM'S EVE

O Mystic, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid.
—WILLIAM COLLINS
The Passion





ADAM's Eve

O Maxx, sphere-descended mood,
I stand off pleasure, a sultan's ad.
—WILLIAM COLLINS
The Passions

Desert Wells was determined to hang Jackie Czelenko, because
it couldn't afford to let her live

MURDERESS

by JAY EDMOND

THROUGH THE crush of outraged ranch wives and dirt farmers who bumped and nudged each other in the aisleless, hot little courtroom for a gawk at the girl, Russ McCabe shoved his way toward a chair inside the wooden rail. The wind-burned leathered faces of Desert Wells turned curious at his crew-cut, clean-shaven, lightweight-suit look. He went through the swinging gate and dropped limply into the chair. He heard one turtle-eyed old biddy tell another what ought to be done to Jackie Czelenko. It was a violent suggestion.

At the far side of the empty jury bin, Blinky Katem flickered through bottle-bottom lenses, straining to make out who ventured forward of the rail. Blinky's belly spilled over his black leather gun belt and his cheap metal sheriff's badge jiggled over the pocket of the sweaty khaki shirt as he crunched close to bring McCabe into focus.

"The reporter from L.A.," he said, recognizing him. Katem leaned in, nearly suffocating McCabe in the odor of breakfast onions. "You think this broad is going to get away with this insanity plea crap?" The sheriff showed two crooked rows of rotten teeth. "She's going to the gas chamber. This town's dead set on it. Dead set."

McCabe turned his head away. He folded his hands together to lock a slight tremble. It was closing in on him.

A withered little man, coatless in an unironed shirt and with speckled bow tie, his dry, gray hair combed down across his forehead, appeared alongside Katem with a dead smile.

—turn the page



women do not mind displaying their lingerie—understandable when we consider their natural exhibitionism. Gussie Moran of the tennis world is well-known for her display of lace panties and so is Karol Fageros, also of tennis fame, who reveals gold embroidered panties to her audience. In an attempt to get the attention of a man who worked opposite her in an office, one woman confessed: "One warm afternoon I noticed that he had dropped his

found, as almost any magazine reader knows. Today, one advertisement says, "Beware the man who sees you in this completely feminine gown. Romantic as a full moon, captivating as a young lover's kiss." Or, "Enticing bedroom peignoir — save it for your true lover's eyes alone." Again, "Naughty little strapless baby doll that would make Grandma blush and put new light in Grandpa's eyes."

The sex psychology-tuned advertisers and manufacturers of "Naughty French" negligees, "Wildcat briefs," and "Doll-size panties," know that with the majority of males, the partially concealed female figure is more alluring than when completely revealed.

The main purpose of lingerie is implied in a 1903 fashion journal, stating that "lingerie is by far the most important part of a trousseau." It is no coincidence that feminine nightwear was most unappealing during the days of unlimited birth-rate, while it became most attractive in the early 1880's, after the introduction of birth-control.

Coming down to as recently as last year, fashion psychologists called the spring and summer styles "Erogenic,"



pencil. Being a clever girl, I quickly reached down and flicked my dress a good three inches above my knees. I was wearing a lovely pair of silk stockings and a cute suspender belt with white frills, and above that a pair of very sheer, wide-legged knickers in pale blue chiffon. I had to take a chance that the wide legs were hanging in reasonably concealing folds. He took ages to find his pencil but at last came up looking very flushed while I gazed innocently out the window."

An issue of *Modern Teen*, publication for teen-agers, informs us that some girls roll up the legs of their summer shorts so that males will know the color of the panties they are wearing!

Juel Park of Hollywood, whose lingerie shop seems to have more male than female customers, says, "Men like their women in black lacy lingerie. The few guys who don't like black, go for red. I suppose it's because those colors have somehow got the reputation for sexiness." Fashion expert Les Devore says, "Black is the sexiest color in the world, and it isn't even a color!"

The sexiness of underclothes was rather marked from 1897 to 1908, when enormous space was used in the fashion journals for describing this apparel. One report stated, "Beneath Simple Evening Seductions" are worn "these beautiful persuasions" while "petticoats of an affectionate character" support "Temptation in Teagowns."

Such emotion-appealing copy is still



which newspaper reporters explained was another way of saying that the designs had plenty of "come-hither" attraction.

Emilio Pucci, now in the United States designing bras, girdles, and chemises, claims that women are sexier if they adopt the "long line look." Regarding chemise dresses, he says, "When a woman puts on a chemise she must look naked underneath. That means rounded rear girdles, very high, very young brassieres. A young-looking body under a sack is very pretty — the movement of the dress hints at the body."

Illustrations of women clad in their "undies" in natural looking surroundings help advertisers sell tooth-pastes,

weight-gaining pills, shampoos, liniments, and many other products. Advertising has never capitalized on the sex drive as much as it does today.

Literature too, recognizes lingerie's eroticism. In the thirties — when reading matter of the more "suggestive" type was highly available, authors went into ebullient descriptions of the heroine's underclothes. In a story called "Reducing — The Paris Way," in the 1933 fall issues of *French Stories magazine*, we read: "... Sometimes she would order a small tub from the steward, and, while he looked on, would stand, negligee sleeves rolled up to expose her exquisite white arms, scrubbing her lingerie. Such a succession of feminine underthings, Jack had never imagined. There were delicate, lacy-edged little panties, flimsy brassieres scented with the perfume of her well-rounded breasts, gauzy step-ins that gave off a tantalizing feminine odeur, and dozens of chic little undergarments that he could not have named to save him. Once she let him bend over the tub devotedly, while she lolled on the bank puffing a cigarette and giggling at the spectacle of her lover washing out her lingerie; she got a healthy, feminine kick out of watching him bury his nose in the filmy underthings as they hang on the line to dry, listening to his ecstatic murmurings of delight as he caressed their fragrant folds."

Since women's undergarments are so imbued with erotic elements, it should not be surprising that some individuals of a singularly impressionable temperament become "pant-raiders" and undergarment fetishists — individuals to whom the garment may serve as a sexual substitute.

As long as each sex has its own manner of dress, and as long as women must rely on their attire — much more than men, for winning and holding a mate, "unmentionables" will remain erotic. Apparently, the sex power of lingerie is here to stay.





MURDERESS,
from page 39

face between them for an instant. "Jesus," she whispered, "don't let them put me in there!"

Bringing her knees up had made the skirt fall down her thighs. She raised her face and caught McCabe looking. He said uneasily, "Jackie, I don't think anyone's going to send you to the gas chamber." He tried not to look at the white, slender legs, but he felt the warm rise of desire and knew from her expression that it showed. Because there was no chair where he could sit to hide his embarrassment, he walked to the cot and perched on the edge. Jackie moved her legs so that he could not look at her without seeing where creased nylon panties hugged her.

She told him, "You want to know? When I hit this town, for the first time since I could remember somebody showed up who really seemed to like me and wanted to be honest-to-God friends. Miss Ada Lu Benjamin." Her thin face tightened.

"And?" He was urging her to talk it out. He fought with himself to keep from looking at the soft, nylon mound where her thighs met.

Jackie Czelenko said with a sharp, cold little laugh, "She was a God-damned lez! She gives me a room in her house and fixes me meals and all that and about a week later she starts . . . well, reaching out to hold my hand — stuff like that."

"What did you do about it? When she started, I mean."

"Nothing, at first. I thought she was just being, well, you know, friendly. Like she wanted me to be her daughter or something. Then one night she came into my room and sat on my bed in the dark while I was asleep. I wake up and she's sitting there, sort of petting my hair."

McCabe tried looking at his shoes, and then at his hands. But all the time he could see her moving her knees gently back and forth.

Jackie said, "She told me she came in to see was I all right. But I knew what was in her mind." Jackie leaned forward and touched McCabe's hand. "I'm an virgin. I've bummed around ever since I ran away from home — but I've never had anything to do with any woman. I'll swear on a stack of Bibles!"

"I believe you."

She was working her hand up and down his index finger. It was very dis-

quieting. She said, "I stayed gone all the next night. Some guy took me out to a ranch and we got drunk and had a fight and there was no place else to go so I went back to Ada Lu Benjamin's house. She'd been sitting up waiting for me. She wanted to know where the hell I'd been. It was like she was my husband or something and I'd been cheating on her, you know?"

"Uh huh." Her hand had fallen like a leaf to his leg and was trembling slightly there. Her bare thigh moved against him.

"She grabbed me and started tearing my clothes off, all the time telling me how much she loved me. And she kept trying to touch me here." Jackie took McCabe's hand and put it where she meant. Holding it there tightly, she looked at his face and said, "That's when I hit her."

He tried to withdraw his hand, but she gripped it.

She said, "I saw the picture of that gas chamber once. It's like a big boiler or something and there's a chair they strap you in."

"Now, now . . ."

"Oh, God. Do they really strap you in, that chair?" She was guiding his hand, making it do what she wanted it to do, and then telling him through her teeth, "Do it to me — please do it to me. I'll never get to again!"

Her wide, feverish mouth mashed his hand and he found himself caught by her hand, demanding legs.

At that moment there came the sound of the door knob being tried. Then, a heavy, agitated knocking and Blinky Katem's rasp: "Hey McCabe, ain't you about wound up in there?"

McCabe froze, chilled by the horror of getting discovered in the act. But Jackie dug her fingernails into the back of his neck, drew his head back down and whispered fiercely, "Keep going!"

"I'll let you know he was able to call out and that sent Katem grunting off down the hall."

The girl moaned, "Oh, Jesus, I don't want them to put me in that gas chamber!"

AND NOW, as though he were strapped to the wooden chair in the stifling courtroom by the same steel bands that constructed his chest, McCabe told himself it had never happened—and knew that he was lying. What was going to happen if they put him on the stand and asked him what had happened with the girl? Was she going to jump up and scream out what he had done with her in the locked room six weeks ago?

He was thinking about this as Judge Able Purfidee, whose black robe failed to dignify the appearance of a slow-

witted alfalfa farmer, came through the door, sat heavily at the bench and said in a tiny voice over the whack of his gavel, "Proceed."

Billy Joe Sanderson, untangling himself from the chair beside Jackie, struggled to full height and said, "Your honor, my client says she'd like to make a statement first of all."

Judge Purfidee looked as though he'd already lost track. "What sort of statement, Billy Joe?"

"I don't know," shrugged Billy Joe Sanderson. "But she wants to make it."

"Okay," agreed the judge after thinking it over for a moment.

Jackie slid sideways out of her chair. She stood with her hands on her hips and gave an insolent look over her shoulder as though to make sure everybody was listening. "I'm knocked up," she announced, loudly enough for all of them to hear.

Judge Purfidee's mouth dropped open soundlessly.

Billy Joe Sanderson half-stumbled over his chair trying to move clear of her.

Sheriff Katem took two steps toward her and halted, his face a reddish pattern of cords and veins. He seemed to be swearing, but was drowned under by the explosion of noise from the spectators.

Archie Challent, the prosecutor, stood at his end of the counsel table, gesturing and talking, but no one heard.

As for McCabe, the floor seemed to tilt under him and slide away. There was a hot flood draining the power of his muscles. He wanted to set up and run, but knew that if he did, he might not be able to control his legs.

Over the commotion, Jackie's voice shrieked, "Just try sending me to the gas chamber now, you bastards! You'll be killing two of us!"

And then the excited bam-bam-bam of the judge's gavel. "By God!" Judge Purfidee was shouting. "Sheriff Katem, I direct you to explain to this court how a woman not pregnant when examined on entering your jail two and a half months ago shows up pregnant!"

The sheriff was blinking furiously. He looked around the room like a man who had lost his directions. Then his faulty gate fell on McCabe. "What about it, Newsboy?" he demanded. "You were locked in there with that no-good broad for a couple of hours."

The crowd bubbled up again. McCabe stood up, because he couldn't think of anything else to do. He turned to leave the courtroom, but Katem and one of the deputies were grabbing at him. McCabe shook them off, shoved his way through the swinging gate and started up the aisle.

"Futhy devil!" some woman screamed at him.

There were other hands on him. Katem seized him by the coat collar and dragged him backward. McCabe swang on him, but never landed. Instead, he saw Blinky's meat fist coming at his face in a ponderous arc. And he felt the dull pain across the bridge of his nose and saw that suddenly all the open mouths around him seemed to be making no sound. There was another bombing in the pit of his stomach and he plunged forward into a splotch of desert sunlight on the floor. Just as someone outside turned off the sun . . .

WHEN THE ACHING sensation of half-consciousness crept over him, he realized after a few minutes that he was sitting on the cot in the little back room where he and Jackie Czelenko had been with each other. But this time she wasn't there. Just the faces of men around him.

Five men — all staring at him. Slowly, he identified them: Blinky Katem, Billy Joe Sanderson, Archie Tallent and Katem's two deputies.

Finally, Blinky peered down through his glasses at McCabe and said, "We've got a typewriter on the desk, Newsboy. You can dictate your statement and sign it."

When McCabe didn't reply, Archie Challent brushed a thin hand over dry hair and said in the tone of the patient prosecutor, "Any time you're ready, Mr. McCabe."

Billy Joe Sanderson, deputy public defender, stood in seeming off-balance, his toothpick arms folded and legs crossed. He and the deputies just watched.

McCabe looked from one face to the next. The numbing pain had spread through him and there was a clinging nausea in his stomach. He saw the men waiting to take the pleasant pattern of his life and shred it into scraps. "What if I don't sign any statement?" he asked. It hurt him to talk.

Archie Challent coughed politely and said, "Then I'll file on you for rape, Mr. McCabe. Felony. One to ten. I'll let you guess, considering the circumstances, how easy Judge Purfidee would go on you."

"And if I sign?"

"I promise you we'll beat it down to a formal charge of assault and I think with a good lawyer from Los Angeles you will be able to get a suspended sentence of one year. After all . . ." The deputy district attorney made a little motion with his hand. ". . . you shouldn't have too much trouble establishing that Jackie seduced you. You sign a statement and we won't fight too hard for her reputation."

All the men watched McCabe's face.

He took a long time thinking it over. Either way, he would have to go to some other state. He'd be lucky to get on a weekly as a copyboy. If he refused to sign, Challent and Katem and the rest of this furious town would see to it that he got the maximum: ten years in prison. All they would have to do was put Jackie Czelenko on the stand and ask her what went on in the room. He knew she wouldn't hesitate to tell them.

"All right," he said at last, "I'll give you a statement."

WHEN HE HAD finished, and when he had scrawled his wavering signature at the bottom, McCabe was led through the hall by Katem for the routine of being booked on suspicion of assault.

Jackie Czelenko was looking out through the bars of her cell, like a little girl watching the boys strut by. She gave him an empty little snicker. "Did you cop out?" she wanted to know.

He stopped and looked in at her, hating the half-grin on her face. "Yes," he said.

"That was awful dumb for a smart guy from the big city."

"There wasn't much choice, if you must know."

She shook her head as though pitying him. "You're a nice guy. I wouldn't

have put you on the list."

"List?"

Blinky Katem, noticing that McCabe had stopped, came waddling back. "Come on, come on!"

But McCabe grabbed the bars of the cell. "What list?" he demanded. "What list?"

Jackie Czelenko shrugged and turned her back on him. "Every one of these jerks played house with me in this jail. The sheriff, the public defender, the deputies every time they had the night duty — even that little creep, the deputy district attorney."

McCabe felt the bars grow slippery in his hands. "Every one of them?"

"Sure," she said easily. "It ain't as easy to get pregnant as you might think." She turned and looked back at him over her shoulder. "Didn't you wonder, for Christ's sweet sake, why they were all so anxious to have you sign a confession?"

Katem was trying to haul McCabe away by one arm. He was blinking furiously at the girl. "Shut up, you lying tramp."

Jackie smiled, perhaps in the serenity of approaching motherhood. "It ain't going to help them any," she said, not even looking at Katem. "If they still want to stick me with murder, I'm going to read the judge my list. And here I was going to leave you clean off of it."

IT WAS NOT the heat of the water that turned Miss Carter's body rosy in the shower. It was thinking about Mr. Brewster.

Angela Carter was a 34-year-old virgin. She had guarded her chastity through the stormy days of her adolescence, while her friends drifted away into the cornfields and the back seats and the sultry awakenings. She had remained pure through her twenties, while her friends mated and married, and she was now Aunt Angela to fourteen of her girlfriends' children. She had filled three Hope Chests with linens and she owned a beautiful set of bone china and an almost complete set of sterling silver, bought one piece at a time on paydays.

She sublimated all of her need and desire into religion. She hadn't missed choir practice in seven years, and she spent countless hours working for the church. She had been a Presbyterian until she was 25, but the demands her religion had to meet could not be satisfied by so cold a faith, and she became an Evangelist. She met many men, but as the years went by the price of Miss Carter's virtue became more and more formidable, and they rarely dated her more than once.

And then the incredible thing had happened. She had met Mr. Brewster. Reverend Miller had introduced them at a Church Supper and they had seen each other five times since. The bone china took on a delicate, translucent air again, and she even polished the silver.

Mr. Brewster was not the man of her girlhood dreams. He was short, perhaps 5'5"; he had sandy, thinning hair; and he was 43. But he was a bachelor and he loved the church and he had said in quiet wonder as he drove her home from church one evening, "They don't make girls like you anymore."

Even the painful protection of her virginity now seemed worthwhile. Last Sunday, the minister had taken as his subject Immortal Youth, and on — turn to page 46

A

E



KISS, from page 44

the way home Mr. Brewster had reached over and touched her hand, which was how she knew he was trembling, and said, "God bless our parents for having the Christian decency to raise us to be pure."

As Miss Carter twisted her thin body in the steaming spray, she did not allow herself to speculate on whether a 43-year-old male virgin was the ideal person to introduce her to all the ecstasies she had so long been denied. She thought instead of last night, when Mr. Brewster had driven her home and they had stood on the porch in the flickering light of the distant street lamp. She had unlocked the door with her key and just before she stepped inside she had turned back to him.

"It was a lovely evening, Bruce," she said. "Thank you."

And then, wholly on impulse, she had darted her head forward and kissed him swiftly on the lips. She was so terrified at her own daring that she turned and fled into the house, leaving him pale and shaking on the porch.

She had lain awake a long time, alternately happy and horrified at what she had done. Suppose he never called her again? What would he think of a girl who was brazen enough to kiss him without even an invitation? But he had become such a vital part of her dreams of a home and children and security that she wanted him to know how she felt.

She had been miserable all day at the office, barely able to concentrate on her monotonous work as a file clerk. Eventually the business day had dragged to a close, and she had come home to nibble disconsolately at some left-over meat loaf. Just as she had finished washing and drying the single dish and milk glass, the telephone rang. Normally she let it ring three times before answering, so she wouldn't seem eager, but tonight she had flown to it and answered on the first ring.

"Angela?"

She tried to stifle the sigh of relief that swept over her when she recognized his voice. "Yes, Bruce."

"Are you alone?"

"Why... yes."

He sounded relieved. "The reason I asked was because I thought you might consider having tea with mother and me tonight... if you're not busy."

She managed to say evenly, "I think that would be lovely, Bruce."

"Good. May I pick you up in an hour then?"

"Yes, of course."

When she hung up she was shaking. Meeting Mr. Brewster's mother was a terribly important event. The old lady was an invalid, confined to her home,

and Bruce was completely devoted to her. In his conversation he cited his mother as the absolute authority on everything, and Angela admired and respected his sense of duty toward her. It was the way Angela would want her own sons to feel when she was old and helpless.

Angela had dashed to the closet and looked through her wardrobe. She had finally selected a dainty, pale blue suit and laid it carefully on the bed. Then she had undressed and climbed into the shower.

At last she turned off the water and stepped out of the tub onto the fluffy bathmat. She wrapped herself hurriedly in a big Turkish towel, almost as though she were hiding her body from the hungry eyes of her own starvation.

At precisely 8:15, Mr. Brewster rang the doorbell. When Angela opened the door he said immediately, "Good evening, Angela. Are you ready?"

She went to the closet to get her raincoat. "Yes, Bruce."

They ran through the rain to his car and when he had handed her in and gone around to the other side, he said, "I didn't mean to rush you, but mother is expecting us and she never stays up long at a time."

"Of course, Bruce, I understand perfectly."

They drove along the deserted, rain-washed streets, and Angela sat quietly without speaking because Mr. Brewster's attention was concentrated on his driving. When they reached the edge of town a gust of wind hit the car broadside, and Mr. Brewster strained to steady the wheel.

"It must be difficult to drive in this wind," Angela said sympathetically. "It's a terrible night, isn't it?"

Mr. Brewster nodded without taking his eyes from the road that was barely visible through the streaming windshield. In the glow of the dashboard his face was set and tense.

Finally, he turned off the highway onto a side road, and a mile beyond that he drove into a tree-lined lane. The ruts of the lane were filled with water, and the car skidded slightly as the tires slid over the mud. The tall fir trees bowed in the force of the wind, their branches whipped into raggedness.

The car shuddered along until the headlights pierced the blackness to outline a bleak frame house at the end of the lane. At first no light was visible inside the house, but as Mr. Brewster brought the car to a stop Angela saw a dim glow behind what appeared to be heavy maroon draperies in one of the downstairs rooms.

"Doesn't your mother get terribly lonely out here?" she asked.

Mr. Brewster switched off the igni-

tion and for the first time since they had gotten in the car, he smiled at her.

"Mother likes privacy," he said. "It seems gloomy tonight because of the storm, but ordinarily it's quite nice."

Angela said, "Would you turn on the map light for a minute, Bruce?"

He did so, and she took a compact from her purse, examining her face carefully in the tiny mirror. For a fleeting instant, she envisioned her own pretty blue eyes in a baby head with wisps of Mr. Brewster's hair on top.

"Do I have too much lipstick on, Bruce?" she asked anxiously, even though she had barely touched her lips with the palest shade she owned.

"You look fine to me," he answered shortly. He snapped the light off and started to get out of the car. "Come on."

They ran to the front door, huddling under the overhang of the roof while Mr. Brewster twisted a key in the lock. He opened the door and stepped in ahead of Angela, flipping a light switch and closing the door when Angela was inside.

They were in a high-ceilinged hallway. A staircase on the right disappeared into the upstairs darkness. To their left were heavy antique armchairs at either end of a long wooden table, and Angela caught a glimpse of herself in the yellowing mirror that hung above it.

Mr. Brewster relocked the door with his key. As he dropped the key in his pocket he said, "Mother's a little nervous at night. She feels better if we keep things locked up."

He walked toward Angela and said politely, "Let me take your coat and then we'll go into the living room."

He hung the coat in the hall closet and again Angela peeked in the mirror and patted a strand of wind-blown hair into place.

"Now," Mr. Brewster said, "come on in."

They entered another dimly lit room, which Angela recognized as the one she had seen from the lane. The heavy maroon draperies matched the dark silk shade of the lamp that provided the only light. A fringe of tassels circled the lampshade, filtering the light onto the dark, scrawled pattern of the rug. They were grayish-white lace doilies on the arms and backs of the overstuffed furniture that crowded the room. The fireplace was full of dead ashes, and dusty china dogs of every size and shape sat on the mantelpiece.

But the thing that dominated the whole room was a portrait that covered the entire wall over the fireplace. A stern, cold face loomed out of the mahogany frame, shooting its gaze into every corner of the room. The hair was

skinned straight back from the forehead leaving no softness around the grim features. The mouth was a harsh, straight line between the chiseled chin and the thin nose. Angela felt the pull of her piercing eyes . . . eyes that flashed and burned and bored into her, making her feel guilty and defenseless at the same time.

She jumped when Mr. Brewster spoke.

"That's mother," he said softly.

He had come up to stand behind her and his eyes were still on the portrait when Angela turned toward him. There was a reverence about his expression that made her hesitate to speak, as though it would be an interruption. She shifted uneasily, without realizing that she did so, and Mr. Brewster tore his gaze from the picture.

"Sit down and make yourself comfortable," he said.

He walked to a door that opened off the living room and snapped a light switch as he stepped into the room. Before the door closed, Angela heard him say, "Mother, I've brought Miss Carter."

Angela sat down in the corner of the sofa. She glanced around the room, careful to avoid the awful eyes. The musty odor of the dead air and the heavy ugliness of the furnishings depressed her. She felt a wave of compassion for Mr. Brewster, having to live in this old house that his mother was too sick to keep clean.

He reappeared in the doorway. "Mother will be out in a minute."

"Angela said, "Please don't disturb her if she isn't feeling well."

"No, no, she's fine. I'm going to fix the tea. I'll be right back."

He left the bedroom door open a crack and crossed the living room to the hallway.

When he was gone, Angela picked up a pamphlet that lay on the table beside the sofa. It was a religious tract entitled THE FORCES OF EVIL, and it was the only thing in the room that wasn't dusty. She rifled through the pages, not seeing the content. There was no sound from the bedroom. She could not hear Mr. Brewster either, but she assumed that the kitchen must be in the back of the house.

At first she attributed her uneasiness to the prospect of meeting the strong woman whose picture hung over the fireplace. Then she blamed it on the gloominess of the house and the eerie howl of the wind. She had increasing difficulty breathing normally, and a pulse began to flutter in her throat. To calm herself, she stood up and walked to the mantel to examine the china dogs more closely.

It seemed very strange that there was no sound from the bedroom. She

looked at the partly open door but could see only a dresser against a wall. The light in the room was dim.

Her mind began to race. Perhaps Mrs. Brewster really was feeling too ill to get up. She didn't want to impose and make a bad impression on their first meeting. Should she speak to her . . . suggest that she stay in her room and that they have the tea in there?

A tomb-like stillness persisted and Angela felt an almost hysterical desire to rip the draperies apart and throw open the windows.

She had moved unconsciously toward the angle of light that came from the bedroom. It occurred to her that Mrs. Brewster might have tried to get up and had fallen. Should she go in to help her? But what would she say? How would she introduce herself?

The beam of light began to have an hypnotic effect on her. She edged toward it quietly, pretending to examine the objects in her path: an ornate footed vase that stood three feet tall; a dusty wicker sewing basket on legs with a few shreds of faded cloth sticking out from under the lid; a pinkish-white sea shell that she picked up and held to her ear.

She was at the door. A glance over her shoulder reassured her that Mr. Brewster was still in the kitchen. She felt sure she would hear him coming when the tea was finally ready.

She peered through the crack between the hinges of the door. At first she could make out only the bed. It was covered with a plain gray spread. There was not a wrinkle in it. She moved closer to the crack and looked to the right of the bed.

It was some seconds before she could make out the dummy figure in the rocking chair. Her gaze traveled in horrified fascination from the black, high button shoes along the crutches that slanted out of them to the lumpy pillow torso that was stuffed into a dull black dress. The sleeves of the dress were folded over a Bible in the lap. At the top of the torso was a pink lace collar, fastened with a cameo pin, and above the collar was a smiling, painted doll's head with long, curly, blonde hair.

Angela felt rather than heard the movement behind her. Very, very slowly she pivoted until she faced Mr. Brewster. He was standing only a few feet from her, but now he was wearing a pair of long-sleeved coveralls. His hands were covered with ordinary garden work gloves, smeared with rusty stains, and his right hand held an axe.

He said softly, "Mother always told me what women were really like." He lifted the axe and as his arm swung toward her he added sadly, "But until you kissed me I thought you were different."

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* * *



"Good morning, Mr. Kohler . . . I don't suppose you remember too much about last night . . . I'm Mrs. Kohler!"



NOT TO BE KEPT WAITING!

Greta, the Scandinavian maid-of-all-work slept in an isolated wing of the large mansion where she worked. She had just turned in for the night when she was roused by a knock and asked, "Who iss dere!"

"Mallinson, the chauffeur."

"Oh? Vat chev got for me?"

"Some nice apples, honey."

"Chust put dem on the hall table vor now. Ay han pooped."

Right after, there came another knock, this time from Patrick, the gardener, who said, when asked, "I've got some magnificent oranges, darling."

"Put dem on the table by der apfels. Ay han too tired."

Shortly, another knock, this time by Nels, the handy man. Asked Greta, "Nels! Vot chev got for me?"

"Ay han got an urg!"

"Come in den," said Greta, "Your urge iss perishable."



FIRST READER

The two delicious models were chatting about their boy-friends one day, over a luncheon martini, when the blonde entered into a description of the wonders of her newest light-of-love. "You won't believe it," she exclaimed, "but he actually has the Declaration of Independence tattooed right across his tummy."

"You rat!" screamed the brunette. "You've been reading my male!"

* * *

EVEN UP

"You louse — you beast!" cried the angry young beauty. "I've had it — I'm going back to mother."

"So okay?" shrugged the character. "In that case I'm going back to my wife."

* * *

ALL IN THE GAME

A quartet of "men of distinction" were sitting around their exclusive club, bragging about their families. Said the first, "I have five sons—enough to field a basketball team."

"I've got six boys myself," crowed the second quickly. "I could make a hockey team out of them."

"And I've got nine, all boys," remarked the third, proudly. "Enough to make up a baseball team."

All eyes turned on the fourth member of the company, who had been holding himself in the background of the conversation. "What about you?" asked the first speaker. "How many have you got?"

"Eighteen—all daughters," was the weary reply. "A golf course."



ALAS . . . !

The small-city businessman, a widower and well-off at 69, sold out and visited New York to see the sights. Once settled in his hotel room, he removed his clothing and relaxed on the bed. As he lay there, the door opened and a delightfully curved redhead appeared, wearing only a diaphanous negligee.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, seeing him there. "I must be in the wrong room."

"No," he replied. "You're in the right room—but you're about 20 years too late."

POINT OF VIEW

"Your constant infidelity proves you to be an absolute rotter!" cried the outraged wife who had caught her husband red-handed if not red-faced in his umteenth act of adultery.

"To the contrary," countered the ering male serenly. "It merely proves that I'm much too good to be true."

AND THAT AIN'T GOOD!

"Doctor," said the distraught patient in the psychiatrist's office, "you've got to help me. Every night, all I dream about is food, food, food!"

"Don't you ever dream about women?" the psychiatrist inquired.

"Yes, but I keep pouring ketchup over them," said the hapless patient.

THE LONG WAY

The drill-sergeant was questioning new draftees at a basic training camp. "You," he snapped at the first in line, "what did you do in civilian life?"

"I painted spots on rocking horses."

"Fine!" growled the approving non-com. "We can always use a skilled man." Then, to the next recruit, he asked the same question.

"I made left-handed monkey-wrenches," replied the recruit.

"That's what this army needs—trained men," approved the sergeant. He shuddered, however, as he looked over the marcelled, effeminate character next in line.

"What about *you*?" he snarled.

"Me? Why, I was an interior decorator."

"My Gawd!" moaned the non-com. "And we gotta make a soldier out of you. Tell me one thing—could you actually get up guts enough to kill a man?"

"Goodness, yes!" lisped the recruit. "But it would take simply days and days!"

WANTED — AN ESCALATOR

When the aristocratic Duc de Richelieu, one of the great 18th-century rakehells, had to be carried downstairs in a stretcher after a passionate assignation on the sixth floor of a swank Parisian bordello, the octogenarian prince vowed, "This is the last time I make love six stories up!"

* * *



TIME ON HER HANDS

Another Parisian brothel of the same period suffered when police closed its doors. Searching her soul to meet the flagrant unfairness of such police action, the madame was overheard in a soliloquy to her ornate clock. "You," she informed the innocent instrument, "have to do with mechanical affairs, while I get my main action from my girls and myself."

To this, incredulously, the clock replied, "True enough—but remember, when you wind up your affairs, you're out of business. When my affairs are wound up, I keep right on going."

* * *



"I'm afraid you're in for a bitter disappointment, Sarge
—things have changed since the war!"

* * *

THREE IS AN Italian custom I'd like to see imported to this country. The post-war years have brought a flood of Italian items to these shores — wine, furniture, shoes, haircuts, Sophia Loren. All of these things are minor, however, compared to this one old Italian custom which we still lack.

I refer to the fine art of fanny pinching and I hope it becomes an American folkway before I am too old to enjoy it.

There are some people, I know, who will think this is an appeal to the vulgar. There are still others who will think I speak in jest. To each of these groups I can quote a host of parables: "a bird in the hand . . ." "never let your right hand . . ." and finally, "idle hands lead to mischief."

I am speaking seriously and from experience, what is more.

I had the good fortune to live and work in Italy for many years after the war as a writer and foreign correspondent. During that period I managed to appreciate Italian women, wine and food — in about that order. It took me about a year to learn the language but it took a good deal longer than that to learn the customs. Among them is fanny pinching. I can testify that it isn't something one can learn overnight.

In fact, if I had it to do over again, I should prefer to grow up as a small boy in Italy so that I could receive gradual instruction in this essentially male art.

Since I am addressing myself to a public as yet uninitiated, I shall examine the details of this art form — as we might say — from the bottom up. No doubt there are among my readers close students of fanny pinching. Perhaps there are even one or two thirty-third degree masters entitled to wear the black belt. Nevertheless, it is my belief that Americans, heavily indoctrinated by Hollywood and Madison Avenue in bosom culture, are grievously ignorant of more fundamental matters. It is time to redress this grievance.

I first discovered the cultural lag in fanny pinching shortly after returning to this country. My discovery occurred on a Fifth Avenue bus. I had taken the ritual position within a foot of the door, had allowed a particularly appealing young woman with a high rising rump to edge past me.

I turned my eyes discreetly toward the front of the bus in the best prescribed manner, lowered my operating hand to the first position and encountered — not what I expected at all. I found myself fondling the head of an airdale. Moreover, the airdale's mistress, a tweedy type with the look of a police matron, told me if I didn't take my hand off her dog's head, she would

There is an old world finesse in this fine Italian custom that can be checked only by a corset!

The Fine Art of Fanny Pinching

by CLEM HANLON



report me to the SPCA. The bus doors opened, my quarry leaped off the step and the last I saw of that fanny, it was going around a revolving door in to Bonwit Teller's.

In the days that followed I pondered this little disaster and finally concluded that the pathetic young woman, she of the appealing derriere, had simply not suspected that her fanny was about to be pinched. It was a case of sheer ignorance on her part; lack of culture. Had she known, she would never have allowed the head of an airdale to interfere with her pleasure. Not unless she had a passion for airdales, something I find too distasteful to contemplate.

I resolved therefore, to go about my business with missionary zeal, I would bring culture to the natives, I promised myself. I would bring enlightenment, even though it meant bearing the white man's burden.

Thus, my next foray occurred at a street crossing of Lexington and 73rd street. This is a quiet neighborhood in New York, lined with genteel residences and fine shops and it runs to poodles rather than airdales. Most of these poodles are of the miniature variety and consequently eliminate the risk of an error such as the one I described above — unless, of course, you happen to specialize in midgets and I shall leave that discussion for a later chapter.

Strolling idly along the avenue on a warm, late spring afternoon, I spotted a choice exemplar in my path. I began my stalk. She was a perfect prospect, in her early thirties, handsome, buxom, tightly fitted across the rump and obviously looking for a bit of mild, harmless excitement to enliven a dull hour. I followed her past a book shop, an antique dealer, a seller of bon voyage baskets. I caught her eye in the mirror of a drug store window and was sure I detected a flicker of approval.

She took an uncertain step at the curb, glanced at the stop light which showed amber and (most encouraging of all), looked at me out of the corner of her eye. The street light turned red and she paused in graceful expectation of what was to come next. I did not disappoint her. I stepped close, as if I were about to cross the street and mustering all my tactile skill, applied my hand in that most difficult position of all — the half-lift followed by the downward glide.

I was rewarded with an instant smile of appreciation and a delightful toss of that beautifully curled head. Never losing contact, I managed the suggestion of a bow and was exhilarated to see that my conquest had acknowledged my presence with still another smile.

Not only that, but she opened her smart handbag and took out a delicate white card. Offering it to me between exquisitely gloved fingers, she murmured breathlessly, "You'd better come and see me as soon as possible. You're sicker than you think."

She was a practicing psychiatrist.

These two incidents illustrate the low level of fanny pinching in America today. The combination of massive ignorance and widespread disapproval make these, my native grounds a fanny pincher's desert.

Still, man has made the desert bloom before and one should not lose heart. Since these two incidents have occurred, I have had moments on crowded elevators, in subways, in restaurants, and at cocktail parties — moments of fleeting satisfaction. I must also admit that I have had several sharp young elbows in the tripes and two or three heel-stabs in my toes. Since the coming of spiked heels to this country, a dedicated fanny pincher risks martyrdom. But a damaged toe is a small sacrifice on the altar of progress.

Perhaps some readers will not understand the selflessness, the nobility of the true fanny pincher without some reference to the position of woman in the modern world. Briefly, it amounts to this: woman has become emancipated in the economic sense. She can and does work for her living and often provides more handsomely for herself than a man could do for her. In gaining emancipation, however, she has removed herself from dependency on man, and in many cases, put herself beyond his grasp. It is the fanny pincher's mission to restore this grasp.

In doing so, he performs a service not only for himself but for woman-kind as well. Take the matter of bosom culture, for example.

Bosom browsing in the cafe or along a busy boulevard is all very well, a delight to the eye, a lift for the

spirits. But it doesn't come to grips with reality. This is particularly true when there is no reality, when the bosom is false. The girl with the abundant bosom receives male attention whether her abundance is the product of God or Goodrich. But in her soul, the false wearer suffers pang upon pang of guilt. And she lives in dread of the day when some man will clasp her in his tight embrace, caressing her with avid warmth. She dreads this day because she won't feel it. The moment of truth will be revealed in the look of disappointment on his face.

This is a tragedy and it occurs every day — or night. The bosom-oriented American male is victimized by technology and the female is caught in her own rubber trap.

Fanny pinching could change this dismal picture. To begin with, all women have fannies. It is basic. True, some are lovelier than others, some larger, smaller, some pert, some languorous, some pear-shaped, some with dimples, some without. But the best thing about fannies in woman is that they are genuine. Also, they are easy to get at — especially in public conveyances.



The difference between bosoms and fannies is enormous. Bosoms — far be it from me to play them down — are more intimate matters than fannies. No gentleman would think of bosom bouncing (as it is called on the Continent) without a formal introduction. And since life is short and since one can't possibly be introduced to all the women one would like, this rules out vast possibilities for enjoyment.

When you think of the numbers of women in this country alone who, because they are not quite attractive, or who work in lonely occupations like sheep herding or lighthouse tending — when you think of all these women denied attention simply because they never get formally introduced to a

man, it makes you weep.

Fanny pinching, if it were to sweep the country, could make life brighter for these unhappy millions. Think how it would cheer up some poor dear with a face like a fielder's glove, if she felt a warm and kindly hand on her stem as she rode the elevator to work each morning. Think of the office drudge, poor old Miss Papercips, who never even gets her lipstick mussed at the Christmas party. Think how her spirits would soar if the genial cop on the beat gave her rump a neighborly pat as she made her way through crosstown traffic.

One could go on, but the message is clear, I think: Fanny pinching is more than an art, it is a way of life.

Let me now point out that fanny pinching is a generic term and it covers a variety of usages. It includes weighing (perhaps the most subtle and difficult technique and one that I should not recommend to the novice) feeling, patting, stroking, tweaking, brushing, rubbing and cupping. It does not include, most emphatically not — fanny pouncing, fanny grabbing or, what is barbarically referred to as "goosing." "Goosing" to a fanny pincher is the same as root beer to a connoisseur of fine wines. It defines the practitioner as a savage at best, a pervert at worst.

To the Italian male, as I discovered to my ultimate delight, a woman's fanny is not only an object of contemplation, it is an invitation to action. Many are the joyous hours I have spent on trains and buses in the early days of my education, watching the approach, the contact, the response. The rewards of my own fumbling tentative first efforts were so gratifying that I literally threw myself into this new career.

Two memories stand out above all the rest and they will do much to show the point of view of this ancient and highly civilized people.

—turn the page



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FANNY,
 from page 51



In one instance, I was seated on the Spanish steps in Rome, watching the late afternoon sun turn the buildings from orange to blood red. It was the sex hour in Rome, that delicious time between five and six when people are beginning to make their way to the cafes. I became conscious of a woman tripping down the steps above me, making her way past my seat and continuing down the broad staircase below. I was transfixed. Not by her hat which was lovely, nor her eyes which were lustrous, nor by her bosom which was magnificent. I was transfixed by the most beautiful, sinuous, spectacularly shaped fanny I had ever seen. Nor was I alone. Every male head swiveled with her walk. Every male eye was rooted to her rump.

Down she walked, down the steps, into the square, across the piazza, her splendid fanny dimpling, swaying, now smiling, now switching as she proceeded on her way. And as she did so, traffic totally stopped. I have heard this expression before, but I have never seen it occur. Across the street, like Moses dividing the Red Sea, she strolled, with buses, street cars, taxis and bicycles all halted and every male eye — there must have been many hundreds — followed her movement until she went out of sight. Much later, I learned that the possessor of this historic bottom was none less than Gina Lolobrigida. But this was fanny appreciation at its height and I shall never forget — that I was there.

My other memory, not so theatrical, but equally revealing, occurred on a Roman streetcar known as the *Circolazione a Destra*, around the city walls to the right — as opposed to another streetcar making a counter-clockwise circuit to the left. It was a summer day and the kind of day when Roman women are at their best.

That is to say, they wear the minimum of undergarments at any time but on hot summer days they wear the minimum of the minimum, which is to say, nothing. A young and lovely girl had placed herself near the door in a most inviting position. It was obvious

from the way her gown clung that her figure needed no support and it was equally obvious that she wore none.

As she stood there, a dapper young Roman approached, his little moustache quivering with anticipation. But before he could get into position, an elderly cavalier with a white goatee and a briefcase, moved nimbly in behind the young girl. The young man made his move but obviously it was too late. The elderly cavalier had already made contact; the young man's hand found only the more experienced and elderly wrist. The young man looked questioningly at the older gentleman who returned that stare with a glare and an admonitory shake of his goatee. Shrugging, the young man retired a pace to the rear. A few minutes later, the girl hopped off the street car, turned and flashed an impish wink at the older and blew him a kiss. He bowed deeply as the street car moved away.

If all of this seems to reflect only the male point of view that is because I am interested principally in the male point of view. But not entirely. I can recall that my wife first took a very dim view of fanny pinching. A proper American girl, she regarded it as an act of depravity. As time wore on, however, and as she became more and more accustomed to Italian life, I began to notice a change in her.

The most significant change was that she took to going shopping or for a stroll without wearing a girdle. When I questioned her about this one day, she looked me straight in the eye and said firmly, "buses and street cars are more fun without a girdle," and of course I understood. I might also add that when she returned to the United States, she reported that something was missing. She also resumed wearing a girdle. "Why not?" she said, "nobody gives it a try."

A girdle, as every Italian male—and female—knows, gives the wearer a stiff, tight-rumped walk. There is nothing more beautiful than a woman's rump when it is in motion, when it is free to sashay, pivot or flip. A girdled rump is a monstrosity, as meaningless as a piece of wax fruit.

Thus, in an American that is brainwashed by bosoms and bound in lastex, nylon, fiber glass and chains, the lot of the fanny pincher is an unenviable one. There are few causes to which a man can dedicate himself and fanny pinching is among these few. The dedicated fanny pincher is a man who shugs aside disappointments and who pursues his self-appointed rounds. *Per aspera ad astra* is his motto, through toil to the stars. Or, as it is sometimes translated, to succeed in anything, you must first start at the bottom.

STRIP-TEASE REFEREE

Fou Ki Chan

the
Peking
Pekinese



**Wild impact of her act at Paris' Crazy Horse
Saloon Leads to Film Career.**

FOUI CHAN, sometimes known as the Peking Pekinese because of her cute, chowdog quality, is far from being a dog. But she has taken quite a bite out of the entertainment field. Born of a Chinese father and a French mother,

18 years ago, this comely Eurasian started her career as a bistro dancer in Paris. Soon she graduated up the line until she soloed as a headliner in the tease circuit, and developed such a loyal following that she became hit number one at the colorful Crazy Horse Saloon in Paris.

Now she's graduated again, this time with full honors! Fou ki Chan has been selected by observing producers to play the role of a halfbreed prostitute in a forthcoming French film! And with all the talent she has in her slim person, Fou ki's future is as potent as her past!







HAVE,
from page 6

marriage. It is the law."

"Bathibah always interested me," Kar grinned, "if there was company in them. Lead on, baby."

At the entranceway of a domelike building, she faced him. "Before we enter you must swear our love is to be forever. It is the law."

Kar's lips twisted. Hell, it always was the law. All over the galaxies, it was the same — one woman, one man, forever and ever. A scrawny runt like Jol might be satisfied with just one woman, but not Kar. It was too easy to move on to another planet; and if the temporary wife didn't like it — too bad. "Okay," he said. "Our love is forever." It was difficult to hold his face straight.

"Now we may proceed," Tiss said.

"Wait a minute — we've got the night ahead of us, and there's something I must do first. That blade in your loin cloth?"

She held it out to him, a thin blade with a hook at its tip.

"But why?"

"A present for the man in the ship," he said. "Wait — I won't be long."

Back at the silent ship, Kar pressed the signal and waited for the scanner to recognize him. Inside, Jol sat totaling up the day's trade.

He didn't look up. "Wouldn't she 'marry' you?"

"I got to thinkin'," Kar said.

"That never stopped you before."

Kar stared down at Jol's thin back. "About our partnership, I mean."

The stylus in Jol's fingers hesitated at the bottom of a row of figures. "I said this was the last planet, and I meant it."

"That's right," Kar said, and drove the knife deep into his partner's back, just below the left shoulder blade.

Jol gasped and slid out of his chair.

"It was the last planet," Kar said down at the glazing eyes, "but only for you."

Effortlessly, he lifted Jol's body and carried it to the aft converter unit. He grinned as the lid clanged shut once more. The final twist — Jol's flesh and bones would be converted into energy that could help push the ship to another world. Kar would laugh every time he thought about it.

Now was the time for more serious things — like Tiss. He went down the landing ramp and across the pad to the

street he'd marked in his memory, the one that led to the "marriage cups."

Tiss breathed deeply when she saw him, her magnificent breasts lifting tauntly. "Did your friend accept the gift?"

Kar stared at the polished mounds of rounded flesh. "Gift? Oh—oh yeah, He'll keep it with him always."

"That's nice," Tiss said.

"You don't know how nice," Kar said, and ran his fingers lightly across the tapering planes of her stomach.

Tiss caught his hand. "Soon, my love."

The dome was softly lighted inside, white furs piled deeply upon its center-sloping floor. Atop an altar, ringed by a golden halo from a hidden spotlight, a metal cup waited. At the base of the altar was the second "cup" — a pool with flower petals drifting on its surface, a dark, scented pool, wide and deep enough for two.

Tiss bowed twice and lifted the cup from the altar. She held it out once to the pool, once more to Kar. His eyes widened at the erotic carvings that covered it. The people of this world knew tricks, all right...

"Tie us together," Tiss chanted, "together until the stars fall, together until time dies."

Kar's lips curled as he watched her drink. When she offered him the cup, he took it, running his fingertips lovingly over the carved figures that encircled it. He repeated the words of the chant, and drank.

The liquid was thick and powerful — strong as the wines of Mars, but sweet as the lichenwaters of Uranus. Its fire spread through him, warming and strangely disturbing.

Tiss dropped her loin cloth and stepped into the pool. Kar fumbled out of his clothes and cast in after her. The water had a feel that was somehow like the taste of the drink — penetrating, tingling.

She turned to him, the water lapsing at her breasts. Hidden beneath the surface, her long legs her hips beckoned to him. Savagely, his mouth closed on hers, bruising her soft lips, grating against her teeth. A whimper broke from her, and Tiss's body searched for his and found it.

Her roundness flattened against him; her thighs locked to his with a desperate hunger, and locking, began a rhythm. Hazily, the thought came to him that this was the woman of them all; never had one been so wonderful.

It might have been the odd, caressing of the perfumed water, the strangely lifelike feel of it around them, through them both like a liquid protein, thrilling, binding.

Kar didn't care. There was only Tiss

and the frantic twisting of her hips, the grip of her legs and the rhythm that rose and fell and rose and fell until it mounted to a foaming crest that broke wildly over them both. They were both part of the pool and it was a part of them as they drifted quietly io it.

Kar braced himself and her against the smooth lip of the pool. For long, content minutes, they did not move. Then Kar stirred. Tiss had been the most woman of them all — yet. But somewhere, others were waiting — maybe better — and he would not know until he found them.

He moved again, but her legs clutched him closer. Not too suddenly, he reminded himself — make it natural and easy; have her walk you to the ship for some reason. Then goodbye. Right now, talk to her, make her relax.

"This water is wonderful," he said. "No water," she murmured, "but the liquid of life."

"I'd call the drink that," he said,

"The small cup? They are the same, and yet differ."

Gently, Kar tried to move away from her. She would not let him go.

Talk about something else, he thought. It's peculiar this world has so many Siamese twins. My world has almost eliminated them."

"I do not understand," Tiss said.

He had used the words of his own language, so he explained in hers: "But on Earth they can be joined anywhere — side by side, even head to head."

Tiss frowned. "How terrible. Mal-formed children connected from birth. Who would dream of such a thing?"

Kar blinked. "Who'd dream of it? Hell, from what I saw, about half the population of this planet is that way — hooked together belly to belly."

Tiss laughed. Her bare shoulders quivered, making dark ripples in the water of the pool, faintly chilled waves breaking small against his chest.

"Oh — you thought — no! It's too funny. The men and women you saw at your ship are not what you call Siamese twins."

"But — but they're joined together," Kar whispered. "They're grown together. I saw them."

"Of course," Tiss said, "forever together because of the liquid of life. They are married couples, my husband."

She laughed again, but the sound was not what Kar heard.

He heard instead the ironic chuckle of a man with a knife in his back. Jol's ghostly laughter grew and grew, ringing through the framework of a ship that would never leave this world. The pilot seat, massively immovable, had been built to hold only one.



ROBBINS,
from page 15

"Only in large, non-economy doses," he replied promptly, studying the pale-red hair, the perfect white skin, the provocative features, the even more provocative figure which not even the shapeless funeral gown could obscure. A sudden thrill shot through him, shaking him from head to heels, as he met her regard full on.

"Cigaret?" he inquired, realizing it was his turn to break the silence.

"Why not?" she countered. "Why ever the hell not?"

With rapport thus established, he said more quietly, "I hope you will be able to help me, Mrs. Robbins."

"Lurene," she said. For a moment, soft, well-manicured fingers brushed the sleeve of his jacket. Then she sighed, and her lovely young-woman face became a mask of distress. "I only wish I could," she said. "I only wish you had killed him. I'd love to pin a medal on the man who did. But, as you see," — with a gesture at her surroundings — "Edwin kept me locked up here like a fairy-tale princess."

The detective had had enough. Rising, he said, "You may find it pays you better to cooperate with me than not. Goodnight, Mrs. Robbins."

The threat had been quite deliberate — nor was his attitude wholly bluff. In the first place, he knew Lurene Robbins had been playing with him — playing for the sheer love of a game from which she had evidently been shut off for too long. It was not his policy to let a woman — any woman — obtain the whip-hand of him. In the second place, although she had turned up the lamp to get a better look at him, the action had also enabled him to get a better look at her...

...and Crawford knew instantly that he had seen that face before. And not in a woman's college graduation annual. The only trouble was, for the moment, he could not recall just where, or under what circumstances, he had seen it. But this somewhat tenuous memory linkage, plus the anachronism of her marriage, plus its secrecy, plus the seclusion in which she had permitted Doc Robbins to keep her — it all had to add up to something. He would have given a lot, as well, to know why his mention of the fact her husband had been in search of himself immediately before his demise had so aroused the fair relict's interest.

He let himself out without meeting the ginned-up crone and walked the half dozen blocks from Stuyvesant Square, where the deceased had so shabbily maintained his family mansion, to his own, brighter, warmer milieu of Gramercy Park. The star-spangled twilight served to remind him that the day had, in fact, been a pleasant one, whatever his own immediate misfortunes and problems.

Increasingly, as he strolled, two questions occupied him. One, who and what was Lurene Collins. Two, where and when and under what circumstances had he seen her picture?

Crawford locked himself in with his problem. Out of the card-file of his memory where women were concerned, he went carefully back over every amorous episode from the now until three years earlier. It brought up some beautiful, as well as some stormy memories, but no clue to Lurene Collins. He knew, somehow, that he had seen her likeness not more than three years before — beyond which, the job would have overtaken even Crawford's powers of voluntary recollection.

Spurning dinner, he poured himself a discreet brandy and did the process in reverse. Result — a parade of blondes, brunettes, brownettes, red-heads, of almost every size, shape and disposition — but no Lurene. His watch read 9:23 p.m., and his stomach was loudly protesting its emptiness, but he knew he had to nail down the fugitive memory before taking a break or give up the ship.

He decided against another brandy and took off on a new tack — that of memory association. Why, upon obtaining his first good look at the beautiful widow, had he not only remembered her at once, but with the added thought that it had not been in a woman's college graduation annual? There, he felt certain, lay the key. He checked over his mental list a third time, seeking some occasion upon which he had looked at a gallery of girls' pictures that very definitely did not belong in a college yearbook.

At 9:54, he hit paydirt. With an odd half-smile on his not-unhandsome countenance, he picked up the phone, which he had shut off during his reverie. The answer service tried to give him a string of messages, but the detective cut the girl off and dialed an uptown number. When he got through, background party noises were audible before the woman he sought got on the line.

"Aggie?" he said. "This is Crawford."

"Hi, honey," was the warm, pleasant reply. "Long time no hear."

— turn to page 58



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ROBBINS, from page 57

"Cut that jazz," he told her. "Get down here right away. And bring that damned picture album you showed me. You know the one?"

"Of course, darling," she replied, "but I can't possibly leave now. I've got a mad, mad thing going on."

"I can bear it," he replied drily. Then, with the whiplash of command, "Get down here with that book — or do you want me to come up there and boot them all out?"

There was hesitation. Then, unhappily, "I'll try, precious—but only for a little while."

"Right now!" he snapped. "And bring that album with you."

He hung up and waited, whiling away the time with another brandy. Now that he was on the trail of something, his hunger had faded. He knew his woman would come — she had to. Three years ago, he had extricated Aggie Blair from a jam that could have earned her a prison sentence. The case was still open.

Aggie arrived within 40 minutes, the time-limit Crawford had allowed her. In pastel mink and a white-crepe chine strapless trimmed with silver sequins, the blonde looked lovely, fragile, helpless, appealing—the antithesis of the tough little West Side all-house madam she really was. With her, she brought an aura of resentment, as well as the album.

"I never thought you'd pull a trick like this," she informed him without a trace of the Uptown accent she had spoken with over the phone. "You damned well know I can't afford to risk exposure, you overextended male expert. Here's your book, and drop dead!"

"Hold it, honey," he told her gently, "and thanks. This is one time they're not the old maestro himself up a tree."

"I ought to let them chop it down," he grumbled, but curiosity danced in his eyes. Hesitating only a moment, he sank onto the oversized sofa beside her, pouring herself a brandy while he leafed through the album.

It was the display-book, for favored stomers, of one of the most successful call-house operations sinful old Manhattan had ever known. Its breaking up, five years earlier, had made sensational headlines the world over. At that time, Aggie had already risen "success" through marriage to a multi-millionaire garment manufacturer — and it was Crawford who had rescued her from jail and disgrace when the case broke, considerably to enrichment both of his pocket and memory-book.

Crawford leafed quickly through the pages, past one glamorous, tarnished

dish after another, until he reached the picture he sought. Like the others, the photograph of Lurene Collins was an exquisite, full-color print. Studying her likeness, he actually felt a brief stir of something like envy for the old miser of whose murder he was suspected.

"That the one?" Aggie asked, leaning close against him, her costly, seductive perfume seeming to wrap them both tightly in its embrace. At his nod, she said softly, "I thought it would be. How are you involved, darling?"

"I," he told her, "am the only logical suspect for her husband's violent death last Saturday."

"Did you kill that dreadful old man?" There were amusement and glee in her eyes.

"I'm beginning to wish I had," he replied quite frankly. "Now give—and keep your distance. I happen to be human, you know."

"I didn't suspect," she replied. Then, sensing his seriousness, she talked. It was not a pretty story — but then, the detective had hardly expected it to be.

Lurene Collins had been one of the girls involved in the same illicit love-sale operation with Aggie. "You might say," the girl confided drily, "that she and I were among the few successes. At least we married money and got out of it. But I wouldn't have gone through what that kid's been through for a million — not that Aggie'd have gone through marriage to that old creep if she'd had any choice. She's lucky to be out of it so soon."

"What about Robbins?"
The answer was surprising, even to the casbahed Crawford. The eminent "Doc" had been a call-girl's nightmare — too ghastly to be endured, too influential not to be. "Some of the things he used to pay us to do . . ." she said, then shuddered. "Let's just say they were . . . unorthodox. I think he had some kind of a neurosis or something. And he never paid or tipped a dime over scale."

Accepting this revelation of his late-fellow's character, Crawford asked, "Then why did Aggie marry him? I could think she could have done better."

"Because she had to," was the reply. No—not what you think—she isn't pregnant. Aggie was cursed with older brother, a man who was always getting into jams and making her tell him out. He wasn't really a criminal—I knew him around her apartment. I don't know what it was about Tim—he was sort of a nondescript guy. One of those characters who started on the wrong foot and can never get off it. Anyhow, he got right with his hand in the till in some

business of Robbins'. Aggie had managed to get him a job with the old bastard. With his spotty record, it would have meant a long sentence. She had to marry the old goat to get him off the hook."

"What did you say his name was?" the detective asked softly.

"Tim."

"A nondescript character — maybe five feet seven, skinny, with a young-old face and faded blue eyes, who walks with a sagging left shoulder?"

"You know him!"

"I'm beginning to think I do," said Crawford slowly as the whole pattern, or most of it, began to take shape. "Thanks, Aggie, this is one I won't forget."

"Words, words, words!" laughed the shimmering ex-call-girl, again leaning close enough to envelope him in the seductive aura of her perfume.

Smiling, he stroked her breasts with his hands, allowing her to come closer still. "What?" he inquired, "about that big wingding of yours up town?"

She stuck out the tip of a pink little tongue and laughed silently. "To hell with them!" she said softly. "They're miles away."

"Aggie," said Crawford, deftly exposing her pearl-pink breasts, "you have absolutely no character."

"Some people think that's my most engaging trait," she replied.

"Put me on the list," he told her, leaning forward to meet the live softness of her lips with his own. Neither then nor later did they trouble to turn out the lights. After all, the shades were drawn, and as both were artists at the game, they enjoyed playing it in full, if intimate, view.

She did not leave him until almost noon the next day.

With Aggie gone, Crawford spent a half hour checking on the record of Timothy "Tim" Collins, brother of Doc Robbins' widow. While not outright felonious, it proved to be rather spottier, in a minor league criminal way, than Aggie had supposed. Then, whistling to himself in anticipation of pleasures to come, he shaved, showered, dressed and caught a cab to the Papyrus Club for lunch.

From the moment he entered, he could feel the distrust around him like some invisible cellulose wall. While the investigator was far from the club's most gregarious member, he had always been well-liked within its august walls, and never lacking either for company or invitations. This day, however, for the first time in many months, he ate alone. Everyone was friendly enough, but no one was cordial, no one dropped casually into any of the three other seats at his table, no one sug-

gested a game of gin or contract bridge upstairs later.

Crawford enjoyed himself hugely through it all, although he maintained the discreetly grave countenance his role as a quasi-outcast demanded.

Just before he finished his leisurely, solitary meal, he spotted Tim and beckoned him over, scribbled a note to Judge Ormond, who sat at the head of the large table and asked Tim to bring him a reply.

The judge read his note, wrote an answer beneath Crawford's brief wondage, folded it and had the "boy" return the message. As he did so, Crawford looked up at the nondescript, young-old man with the slight sag in his left shoulder and said, "I'm sorry about this, Tim. Tell your sister I'd like to talk to her about it. I'll be at home by five o'clock."

Although pity was not strong in his nature, Crawford actually felt pity for the unhappy attendant. He seemed to implode, to shrink before his eyes. The detective added, "Don't try to beat it, Tim — and don't try to run away. Not this time!"

Fifteen minutes later, he and Judge Ormond were again in the club library, and Crawford laid it on the line, omitting only that he was not exactly an amateur in crime detection. The Judge heard him out with increasing interest, then said, "Crawford, I haven't the slightest reason to doubt you, but I'll have to tell the General. He's got his mind made up, and you know how he is."

"I know," said Crawford drily.

"Then what do you suggest?" asked the eminent jurist. "By the way, I can't begin to tell you how much I admire your handling of this exceedingly delicate matter so far."

"I suggest you throw the fear of God into Tim until he admits what he's done. My hunch is Doc pressed him too far just once too often, and that Tim went berserk and picked up the nearest blunt object and smashed it in his head with it. Perhaps it was something about his sister. But keep him here — don't let him make a break for it. He might go running to the police and blab out the whole thing."

"You've made a point there," said Judge Ormond. "What final disposition do you suggest?"

"I suggest, once you have his confession, that you and the General have him up in camera, give him another fear-of-God talk and let him go. But not until tomorrow. I have a point or two to clear up yet, before I'm satisfied. For one thing, I want to know why Robbins wanted to see me Saturday. It's the one time it's happened since I joined the club."

"Can do," the jurist said simply. "By the way, I wish you weren't such an incorrigible gadabout, Terry. If I ever need any tough extra-legal work done, I'd like to feel I could call on you."

"Try me," said the detective. "It might be fun to get my hand in. After all, it's been years since I was in Navy Intelligence. Incidentally, Judge, I'm surprised at you, being so willing to let a murderer go unpunished."

"You forget," said Ormond, his wise eyes twinkling, "that I am in Civil not Criminal Law. Besides, I am fully convinced that some murders are quite justified. I believe I implied as much to you yesterday, Terry, under somewhat different circumstances. Keep in touch. We'll handle things at this end."

"You'll hear from me tomorrow," the detective assured him. He might have prolonged the session, for he respected and liked Judge Ormond, but he wanted to be at home by five o'clock.

SHE WAS THERE inside the entry of his apartment house, waiting for him, wearing a sable coat, her face innocent of makeup. He could sense the tension in her breathing as they rode up together in the self-service elevator.

Opening the door of his home, he pushed her unceremoniously in ahead of him. He removed the sable courteously, then, quite without ceremony, ran his hands over every curve and hummock of her delectable body. When he let her go, she almost stumbled in her haste to get clear, turned on him with the blazing anger of a furious redhead.

"What'd you do that for, you son-of-a-bitch?" she asked, her voice as taut as her black-wool dress across her rippling breasts.

Crawford, who had just dumped the contents of her handbag on the table beside the door, looked up and said pleasantly, "Don't get me wrong, baby. That was not a pass, but a frisk."

"What are you going to do?" she asked, still far too angry to be discreet. "Tim says you know everything."

"Not quite everything," Crawford replied with equal bluntness. "Two questions. One, why did Tim kill him?"

"Because of me," she replied. "He knew what my husband was like. I married him to keep him from putting Tim in prison, but I refused to give him any response. My husband said he'd press the old charges anyway if I didn't give in."

"Okay," said Crawford. "Two, why in hell did your husband want to see me last Saturday?"

To Crawford's amazement, the white

— turn to page 60

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ROBBINS, from page 39

fury in front of him turned a fiery red. She tried to reply, couldn't, then said, "He heard somewhere that you had a way with women. He — he told me he was going to ask you to teach him how to — to make me respond to him."

Crawford opened his mouth and laughed like a boy, and she stood there, hurt and trembling. Finally, regaining control of himself, he said, "I'm sorry, baby — do you mean the old bastard actually fell in love with you?"

She replied, somberly, "How could you tell with a man like that? The things he wanted me to do!" She shuddered. Then she asked, "Tell me, where did I go wrong?"

"In turning the light on full yesterday when I was with you," the detective told her. By way of explanation, he led her to the sofa and showed her Aggie's picture album. When she saw it, she turned white again, and he thought she was going to faint.

"You see, I recognized you," he told her. "I was able to do Aggie a favor a while back — rather a big one — and she showed me the book then."

"You do know everything, then," she breathed, her face still as white as only a red-headed woman's can get. "May I have some brandy? I feel a little faint."

"Of course," he said, presenting it to her.

She drained it, and some color returned to her beautifully provocative face. Then she said, "What do you intend to do about Tim? I don't want him harmed. After all, he did it for me?"

He put it to her squarely, standing over her as she sat, forcing her to look up to him. "Isn't that up to you?" he told her.

There were contempt and weariness in her ascent. "Very well," she said, rising, "but I warn you, you aren't going to enjoy it one bit more than I am."

He did not trouble her with a reply, merely led her to the bedroom. They undressed on opposite sides of the bed with a detachment that bordered on enmity. When she permitted him to pull her nakedness into his arms, she was limp as a fish.

Crawford smiled a grim, combattant's smile at the challenge. This, he knew, was a fine, full-blooded woman, who had for years now been starving herself of all sex-satisfaction from loathing for a husband to whom she was bound only by fear. It had been a long, long time since she had felt the caress of a man as full-blooded as herself, a man who knew at least as much as she of the wiles of Eros.

It took him exactly 23 minutes to arouse the Aphrodite in her — he timed

it by the clock on his bureau — and after that he lost complete track of time.

If the night before, with Aggie, had been delightful sport, this was a night of memorable passionate release. Nor did it end with first sleep, but renewed itself with each fresh wakefulness as she poured forth her long-sealed larder of love upon him until far into the day.

Then, when at length sanity returned, she lay spent on the rumpled covers and murmured, "Tim? Darling, what about Tim?"

He reached for the extension phone, dialed the club.

It was General Fair himself who answered. "Thundering good job, Crawford," he said. "We talked to the boy, and he confessed everything, just as you told Ormond he would. I must say — *harrumph!* — that I may have spread a wrong word or two about you, young man. I'll set you up to a drink myself, along with the Judge, when you come in."

"Thanks, sir," said Crawford. "May I speak to the boy?"

When Tim's voice came on, he handed the phone to a tousled, newly hopeful Lurene. She listened and said, "Oh, honey — that's wonderful!" She listened some more and said, "Of course — you know you won't have to worry." Then some more, and with a change of tone, "What do you mean — *yesterday*?"

A moment later, she hung up with a vicious slap of handset onto cradle and turned to Crawford, once more with the fury of the day before. "You arranged for Tim's release in my care before you saw me yesterday!" she accused.

"Who am I?" he replied with mock humility. "Who am I to deny such a charge from such a charming force?"

"You bastard!" she breathed, unable to find voice for her feelings. "You unmitigated, all-time, all-American heel. You —"

"Careful," he admonished her, grabbing her arms before she could make talons of her nails. "You're talking about the man I love."

For a moment, she wrestled with him. Then, either aware of his greater strength or merely because there was no fight left in her, she rolled against his chest and said, "Hold me tight, you rat — you are a rat, you know."

"It's our year," he told her, enfolding her with a miraculous rebirth of passion.

Later still, in a sane moment, Lurene cried, "But I'm a widow! How can I be doing this?"

"Honcy," Crawford told her fondly, "you can always dye your hair black!"



**Had
Helen
cheapened
herself by
giving
sex to a man
she hardly
knew?**

HELEN HAD NEVER thought it would be like this, that she would be eating breakfast alone the morning after she had first given herself to a man. In her reverie, over the years since she first began to think thoughts of love, Helen had envisioned the unfolding of the gates of passion in many ways—but never as it had happened to her.

It was less than a month after her mother's death, and she had violated every promise she had made to her parents. Her mother used to say, "Helen, never let any man cheapen you. Once that happens, you will never be able to win a decent man's love."

In one form or another, this was the sermon on which her mother had harped during all the years of her semi-invalidism, when Helen had been attending high school, then business college, then working as a secretary in the pool at the corporation. Hardly a day had passed without its being repeated to her at least once.

Now it had happened, overnight, and with a man she scarcely knew, a man who had promptly left her to sleep and awaken, and breakfast, alone. She felt violated and bruised in spirit and body, nor did the image of him—what was his name, Tony?—standing there in her bedroom, in his socks and garters, tying his tie, lighten her distress. There was something so horribly matter-of-fact about it, as there had been about his farewell embrace and his "You've been sweet, honey."

"Sweet?" As if her first self-surrender had been a mere offering of candy or a highball! She had cheapened herself, forfeited her right to the fine, the honorable things a decent girl hopes for in life, and he told her she had been sweet. Polly Fenster, the head stenographer in the secretaries' pool had introduced her to Tony quite casually as a blind date to

make up a foursome after work the day before. And she had . . .

Yet, she, too, had been hungry, and as the evening progressed she had found him handsome—tall, dark, dynamic, with a smile that seemed to tell her she was no mere ordinary Helen but that other Helen, who three thousand years ago, had launched a thousand ships with her smile. He had made her feel as if she were Cleopatra and Aphrodite rolled into one irresistible bundle. If only she didn't remember him, standing there in her bedroom after it was over, in his socks and garters, tying his necktie!

She sipped half-cold coffee and recalled the ardor of his embraces after she had allowed him to talk himself into coming home with her. The expert touch of his well-groomed, long-fingered hands on her eagerly responding body, the soft caress of his lips on her cheeks, on her eyes, on her lips . . .

Other, hotter, more imminent memories of the night before came bursting through the thin walls of repression, and she felt her whole body blush. Quickly, she rose and went to the bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror that lined the inner door, removing her wrap to see if there was any mark of the appalling change that had overtaken her so suddenly. There was none, and she thought, *How can they tell? Mother always said . . .*

Nude and aware of her own body as never before in her life, Helen made the bed. She would have liked to change the sheets, but there was no time and the laundry was not due back until the morrow. She showered and fixed her soft brown hair and somehow got into her clothes and found herself, as usual, on the 8:40 bus that would get her to the office just before nine. She noted the men looking at her, hungrily, and it was different. It seemed to her that they knew, that there was a new aggression in the way they stared and half-smiled.

Then she was there, with the girls, settling down for the day's assignment. Half-fearfully, she looked around for Polly Fenster's golden head and precisely put-on lipstick, but Polly was not there. She wondered what to tell Polly. Somehow, she couldn't picture cool, self-confident Polly letting any man make such an idiot out of her on the very first date. She had to talk to someone, but she didn't want to have Polly mark her down as a tramp. After all, Polly was the top girl in the entire office, a young woman who knew exactly how to handle herself in every sort of situation.

Polly came late, smiling and explaining to one of the supervisors that she had missed her bus thanks to a phone call. She regarded Helen speculatively as she departed, with pad and pencil, to take dictation from one of the bosses. Helen wondered what she knew, what she guessed, what lay behind her look. She went through her work mechanically, grateful for having something to do that took her mind off the disaster of the night before.

She lunched alone at a nearby diner, not feeling up to the chitchat of the rest of the girls. And then, suddenly, Polly was on the stool beside her, giving her sandwich order to the counterman.

Then, turning to Helen, she said, "I don't know what you did to Tony last night."

"Nothing much," Helen said numbly. "Why?"

"He called me this morning. That's why I was late," said Polly. "He tried to get you, but you'd already left. He's crazy about you. He told me to tell you he's got to be out of town the next two days, but that he's coming back to take charge. I don't know how you did it, honey. He's quite a catch, you know. I'd go after him myself if I thought I had a chance."

"I don't know," said Helen, feeling a great rush of joy. "I just let him do the talking."

"I'll be damned!" said Polly. "I'm going to have to take lessons from you. And I've been going with boys since the seventh grade!"



**Smart Los Angeles Poser
Goes into Business for Self!**



EXECUTIVE MODEL

SO YOU'RE IN Los Angeles, and have cameras, and you've always wanted to shoot a real Hollywood pinup doll but never got a chance around home. Well, the delicious dark-haired dish shown on these and the two following pages is in business just to take care of the likes of you.

Her name is Shirley Skates, and she's a top model with plenty of business sense behind those adorable features. A native of Dallas, Shirley stands five feet six-and-a-half inches tall, weighs 120 pounds under the shower and tapes in at a stunning 36-24-37. She is black of hair and brown of eye, a crackling brunette all the way.

How did she become one of the first of the current crop of pinup darlings to go into business for herself? "Well," says Shirley, "it didn't take me long to learn that, in this business, it's the model who comes out on the short end of things financially. By the time the agents and the photographers have taken their cuts, the model is left mostly with hope that some screen or TV producer will spot her pictures and offer her a test or a contract. And that doesn't happen often out here, not with the competition what it is."

Result — the California Photographic Studio, founded, run and owned by Shirley, assisted by one other tall, curvaceous brunette model named Jan Spangler, who appears with her boss at right. The studio, located at





**When It Comes to Pleasing
the Customers,
Shirley Has What It Takes!**

951 South Grand Street in downtown Los Angeles, offers the girls' modeling services to amateur and professional photographers alike, along with full studio facilities, at \$7 per half-hour and \$11 an hour.

"Business," says Shirley, "is very promising. We've only been operating a few months, but we're getting plenty of work. Mostly, our clientele seems to come from businessmen, both local and from out-of-town. In fact, we draw a lot of Easterners, who seem to feel their trip out here is not complete unless they shoot a real, live pinup girl themselves."

As the pictures show, Shirley and Jan have plenty to offer in the pinup department, and, being veteran models, don't even balk at nude posing. "After all," says Shirley, "we're in business to give the customers what they want."

It's a brand new wrinkle in the modeling business. And, judging by Shirley's obvious assets, and those of her assistant, it's a wrinkle that's here to stay. After all, who wants to snap the seagulls at Santa Monica, or the Capitol Records Building Tower in Hollywood, with a pair like this ready, able and waiting? ☈





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OH-OHI

It was called to my attention today that ADAM, Vol. 3, No. 4, contains a letter requesting the name and address of one Doris Sanders. I do not know who wrote this letter, but I assure you that I did not! I consider it an insipid joke on someone's part which has resulted in my name, and my school's name, being dragged across the United States. I would appreciate it if you would print some sort of a retraction in your next issue.

Jim Leighty
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Obviously, somebody was having a spot of fun at your and ADAM's expense, Jim—but at least ADAM kept the name of your college out of it. Sorry indeed it be for any damage done you. That spelling, come to think of it, was a mite too much!

* * *

BY YON BONNIE LOGAN . . .

We are students at the University of North Carolina and through the medium of ADAM have come across that beautiful Logan face and figure. If at all possible, we'd like two autographed pictures, to place in a position of honor at our fraternity house. Bonnie has our undying admiration.

F.B. & N.R.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

It's just wonderful to know that Bonnie Logan will again soon be in your grand ADAM . . . but please have a very large spread of her instead of a small one, okay? She has the right to a large one. This doll is really it! She belongs on the center-spread of ADAM.

A. Hopper
Oakland, Cal.

Thanks, fellows. ADAM only hopes the boys from Chapel Hill are for real!

* * *

AND BONNIER . . .

I am a trumpet player and I make my living as a musician. I have played for a lot of sexy strippers. Since reading the article and pictures of Bonnie Logan, I have come to the conclusion that she is the sexiest girl I have ever seen. I enjoyed this very much, and it would be a pleasure to play for her.

Chuck Wilder
Tulsa, Okla.

Praise from a pro is praise indeed!

* * *

AND SHIRLEY

Please have more of Shirley Quimby in the near future! She's great! I enjoy ADAM very much.

Joe McDevett
Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Letters to Adam



FROM "DOWN UNDER"

Having read your magazine in Australia for the first time, I must say I was most impressed. I am hoping for a chance of communicating with some of your readers by mail and exchanging some of our magazines, which are quite different by comparison with yours. I am 24 years of age. Hoping you can oblige me . . .

Denis J. Brennan
c/o Room #64
Electricity Accounts
City Hall
Brisbane, Australia

ADAM'S CALENDAR

Congratulations on your Two Year Calendar. It is one of the best I have ever purchased. The girls are lovely, ravishing and terrific — you really picked outstanding beauties, and the photography is very good. Very original, a calendar for two years. I probably won't be able to keep my eyes on the dates, though, with all these glorious beauties. I particularly like Eloise Mikkelsen, Doris Sanders, Paula McNeil, Sally Blythe, Margaret Scott, Mel Kullens, Bonnie Logan and Virginia Bell. Hope you feature these enchanting lovelies in your magazine as well. A pinup fan . . .

H. Karr
Portland, Ore.

Your two-year ADAM Calendar for 1959-1960 is terrific. My buddies and I, here at the enamel plant, would like to know how to get a larger colored photo of Miss Virginia Bell.

Don E. Winters
Mansfield, O.

 Sorry, Don, ADAM simply doesn't know.



A WORD

Just a word to tell you how wonderful your magazine is, and to keep on the good work in stories and pictures. Your girls are lascious. I also was glad to find out about the record "Erotica". Please make this a feature of searching out the unusual.

Lynn M. Nyland
Kenosha, Wis.

* * *

THREAT OR PROMISE?

I have read every issue of ADAM. In Vol. 3, No. 1, there were two small photos of Millie Hawk (Fresno, Cal.). If you don't do a picture story on her soon, I'll never buy another issue of ADAM, and will burn all the issues I have saved.

Tony Vullo
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

WHERE'S PATTI?

I have just finished reading ADAM, Vol. 2, No. 12. I found it a good pastime and the pictures were great. I think the stories on Vicki Dougan and Bonnie Logan were fine, because one could tell that they were being themselves and not trying to pose as someone else.

One other thing I'd like to know — once you had a girl by the name of Patricia Conley from Tarzana. What had happened to her? I haven't seen her in ADAM for almost a year now. I know there's nothing wrong with her as I've had her picture hanging in my locker for about three years before you ran her in ADAM.

G. R. R.
San Francisco, Cal.

 There's nothing wrong with P.C., except that she's been working as a showgirl in Vegas and elsewhere, which means few new pics. But you'll be seeing her around soon.

* * *

TSKI! TSKI!

We here at M.S.U. wish your so-called "man's home companion" would straighten up. Your articles, jokes and pictures are not up to the standards set forth by good, clean American citizens. Your magazine condones the kind of behavior we at M.S.U. are trying to abolish, which takes place on the banks of our Red Cedar River in the spring months. We look forward to improvement in literary content and an elevation of moral standards in the future.

Richard Brown
East Lansing, Mich.

 If this is a bid to the Red Cedar Banks come spring, ADAM only wishes you would make the date a bit more specific."



Next issue, follow fabulously-figured Collette Berne into the hot, dark, wonderfully-relaxing inner recesses of a Finnish Bath in Hollywood!

• Diana Crawford: England's Most Exciting Gift to the U.S. . . . see pg 28



• Susan Woods: Gorgeous Las Vegas Showgirl Dreams of Stardom . . . see pg 7

ADAM IN WORDS

- Lust-Trap for Love-Starved Spacemen see pg 4
- The Deadly Quadroon Beauty Who Bleed San Francisco White see pg 12
- A Murderess' Guilt Saves Her From the Gas Chamber see pg 26
- The Universal Lure of Ladies' Lingerie see pg 40
- The Ins and Outs of Italian Fanny-Pinching see pg 50

ADAM IN PICTURES

- Virgin Sacrificed at Wild Hollywood Orgy see pg 22
- Eurasian Belly Dancer Rocks Famed Paris Bolte see pg 53
- Luscious Model-Executive Poses for Amateur Shutterbugs see pg 62

